

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.

The Week.

The decision of Gov. Hughes to accept a renomination in case it is offered him is an event of great importance, both in State and national politics. His attitude is precisely that of a loyal party man and a good citizen. To serve again will mean a pecuniary sacrifice that he, not a rich man, can scarcely afford, but he will respond to the call of duty. To such a call he yielded two years ago, abandoned the successful practice of his profession, devoted himself to incessant and exhausting labor, and exposed himself to the bitterest attacks from the machine politicians of both parties. He has given an invaluable lesson as to the proper attitude of an executive. He has never compromised with the politicians; he has not allied himself with a faction; he has made his appointments to office for merit solely; he has steadily maintained the highest ideals. The common verdict on his career has been, "The best Governor since Cleveland." We need not dwell on the reforms which he has secured from a reluctant Legislature by his appeal to the moral sense of the whole State. He has attacked the bosses of his own party, large and small, with much vigor and success. The policy nearest his heart is to make still more complete the divorce between public service corporations and the politicians, and by a reform of the election laws and a system of direct primary nominations to restore to the people the powers that have been wrested from them. It is a cause to kindle the enthusiasm of every citizen and to make the pulse of every patriotic American beat quicker. The Republican machinists will probably be against him unless they come to see that this man, who has refused to dicker with them and to play the game of politics according to their rules, stands a better chance of election than any other man in this State. There is no one else so fully trusted by the people, no one so likely to attract the indispensable independent vote. Professional politicians are usually short-sighted; but Barnes and his kind can hardly fail to perceive that

to refuse a renomination to Gov. Hughes will be suicidal.

Of Norman E. Mack as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, the best that can be said is that he is not Thomas Taggart. Mr. Taggart as a national chairman is one of the most melancholy failures on record. Compared with Mr. Hitchcock, now generalissimo of the Republican campaign, Mr. Mack is nowhere; he is far inferior in general intelligence, energy, and directive skill. Moreover, the selection of Mr. Mack is a pretty plain notification that Mr. Bryan does not care for the support of the independents and the remnant of the Cleveland Democracy in New York State. Mr. Mack's character and antecedents will repel rather than attract voters of this type. Many independents are inclined under almost any circumstances to support Mr. Taft as against Mr. Bryan. A number of others who are wavering will surely accept the Republican ticket if Mr. Hughes runs again for Governor. But in order to make sure of alienating the last thousand of respectable and intelligent men who might still cling to Bryan, it has seemed necessary to get Mr. Mack to manage his campaign.

In opening the first national convention of the Independence Party at Chicago on Monday, W. R. Hearst characterized Mr. Bryan as a "knight arrayed in a motley of modified professions and compromised principles, of altered opinions and retracted statements"; and the Republican organization as "the open and avowed handmaiden of the Trusts." These phrases contain only too much truth. The defect of the Independence Party, however, is its leadership. Many thoughtful voters are disgusted with both of the old organizations—with the control of the Republican machine by the protected interests, and the control of the Democratic machine by Mr. Bryan and his Falstaff's army. These dissatisfied voters would welcome a third party with the weight and character of the Gold Democrats of 1896; but they cannot stomach Hearst. The conviction that the Independence Party is the tail to Mr. Hearst's kite is so widespread and well founded that his candidates

and his platform excite profound distrust among serious men. It is possible that the Independence Party may poll a considerable vote among the wage-earners in those States in which Mr. Hearst publishes newspapers, notably New York and Illinois; and the influence of his Chicago paper may be felt in doubtful Indiana. If New York and Indiana are close, the defection of the Independents—chiefly, of course, from the Democratic ranks—may actually determine the result.

The President's cry of anger over the Standard Oil decision is proof that he has been hard hit. But the President's statement to the press will not stand analysis. He asserts:

The reversal of the decision of the lower court does not in any way, shape, or form touch the merits of the case, excepting so far as the size of the fine is concerned. There is absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendant, or of the exceptionally grave character of the offence. But the fact is that judges on appeal pointed out one class of errors of the lower court which had nothing whatever to do with the size of the fine, but related:

To the view adopted by the trial court, carried out in its rulings on the admission and exclusion of evidence and embodied in its charge to the jury, that a shipper can be convicted of accepting a concession from the lawful published rate, even though it is not shown as bearing on the matter of intent, that the shipper at the time of accepting such concession knew what the lawful published rate actually was.

The gist of the long discussion of these rulings was that the Standard Oil Company had not really been proved guilty; that the evidence was ambiguous or incomplete. The matter is summed up by Judge Grosscup in the following terms:

The error of the trial court in making away from the plaintiff in error its right to submit to the jury the whole question of whether it had knowledge of the tariff sheet from which it is said to have accepted a concession, and therefore with intent to violate the law—whether the rate paid was not paid in the honest belief that it was the lawful rate—is an error that rises into one of solid substance.

Thus Judge Grosscup and his two colleagues on the bench declare explicitly that the error was one of "solid substance," relating directly to guilt or innocence. We grant that the President has fallen into a mistake by hastily

glancing at headlines, instead of studying the text of the decision; but a man in his position should weigh his words, and should not even carelessly mislead the millions who will read his crisp phrases rather than the legal argument.

But this is not, perhaps, the worst result of the President's recklessness. He goes on:

The President would regard it as a gross miscarriage of justice if, through any technicalities of any kind, the defendant escaped the punishment which would have unquestionably been meted out to any weaker defendant who had been guilty of such offence. The President will do everything in his power to avert or prevent such miscarriage of justice.

Here in effect the President roundly declares that the reversal of the lower court is a "miscarriage of justice," and that "the punishment would have unquestionably been, meted out to any weaker defendant who had been guilty of such offence." Now, the President either has evidence to prove the judges guilty of favoritism or he is talking with almost unexampled wildness. If he has the evidence, it should be forthcoming at once, and the judges should be impeached and driven from the bench in disgrace. We agree with the President that—as he said some months ago—justice should be "meted out with an even hand to great and small, rich and poor, weak and strong." It should be meted out with all swiftness to those on the bench who are guilty of oppression or partiality. But if there is no shred of testimony against the three judges, what shall we say of the President's attack upon them? What is their fault? That their decision displeases him and disarranges his plans for the campaign? Is it for this that members of the Federal judiciary shall be exposed to the fury of the Executive, and shall be accused of conduct baser than that of the average felon?

In his address at Newport last week President Roosevelt beat the tom-tom to summon the supporters of a big navy. The powerful navy that is the best guarantee of peace, the shame of evading imperial responsibilities, the danger of being rich and unarmed, the Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba, the Panama Canal, the Monroe Doctrine—these were the familiar arguments. The weakling and mollycoddle, easily identified under his new

disguise as the man who hits "soft," was appropriately mauled. At the present moment, when the anti-Japanese craze gives signs of dying out in spite of Hobson and his tribe, when a new Japanese Ministry has extended assurances of good will, there was no reason why the President should stir up wrath anew by his tirade on undesirable immigration: "It is absolutely necessary that if we claim for ourselves the right to choose who shall come here, we shall be in trim to uphold that right if any Power challenges it." No names are mentioned. Of course, Russia's fleet may attack us if we shut out the Jews, Rumania's fleet may destroy our Panama Canal! The President poured scorn upon the heads of those who venture to believe that our national defence rests in something else besides the biggest navy on the earth. They are ignorant or blind who still cling to the old belief that our geographical situation forms part of our defence. Mr. Roosevelt laid it down that "to be rich, aggressive, and unarmed, is to invite certain disaster." But why should we be guilty of aggression? Mr. Roosevelt has not seen fit to take up the housecleaning in the Navy Department which real efficiency calls for. He has done nothing to modernize the antiquated bureau system. Ships not off the stocks go out of date because valid criticism of the naval construction hierarchy is not listened to. In other words, what can be done quietly and inexpensively to make a fit navy, the President has not done. But when it comes to sounding trumpets of alarm and defiance, Mr. Roosevelt can be counted on.

The detailed statement of imports and exports for the last fiscal year was issued last week by the Bureau of Statistics. The panic of October rudely interrupted the expansion of our foreign trade. It caused at first an acceleration of merchandise exports, but the shrinkage in domestic demand for manufactured articles was soon reflected in a curtailing of these imports. Our total imports for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, were valued at about \$250,000,000 less than for the year preceding. The decline was greatest in raw materials, and in partly manufactured articles intended for further elaboration in this country. In exports the net loss was only \$20,000,000, as compared with

the previous year. Our outgoing food-stuffs showed an actual increase, but this was more than offset by the decline in crude material intended for further use in manufacturing. It is noteworthy that the falling off in exports was greatest in the case of Great Britain, Canada, and Mexico; the export trade to Continental countries and the Orient was not very seriously impaired. The foreign trade figures for the recent month of June show a serious loss as compared with June of last year. Whatever may be the signs of industrial improvement in other fields, such indications are not found to any extent in the current statistics of our foreign trade.

Pity the downtrodden railway! Is there no one to say a good word for it in its present dilemma? Here is the President, or the Interstate Commerce Commission, serving notice that if freight rates are raised, there will be a rigid investigation of the increase to see whether or not it is justified. Last winter a similar threat prevented the cutting of wages, except in isolated cases—wages must not be decreased on the eve of a Presidential campaign. But, says the railway manager, there are only three ways in which a road can aid itself when times are bad: by lopping off all expenses that are not absolutely necessary, by lowering wages, or by raising rates. The first was resorted to last fall; no improvements or developments are under way, and no large purchases of rolling-stock or materials are reported. The salaries of clerks and operating officers (who are not unionized) have long since been reduced. What else can the railways do, they ask. Well, the *Nation* has steadily advised against raising rates as a tactical mistake; but we confess that the dilemma is perplexing.

In the general province of sociology, politics, history, economics, civics, psychology, ethics, and probably education, there are in this country too many technical periodicals. Their contents are too often thin and arid. Their influence on public opinion is generally nil. These journals are not usually exposed to the bracing struggle for existence. They are subsidized only too frequently, either directly or indirectly, by individuals, or scientific associations, or institutions of learning. Often they pay

their contributors the barest pittance, but more frequently nothing at all. Instead of rejecting from 95 to 98 per cent. of all contributions offered, as the large magazines do, they are eager for manuscript. The first infirmity of young instructors' minds—to see themselves in print—is played upon to the limit. In short, while one must acquit some of the better journals of this procedure, and while one must allow something for the scholar's altruism, which often gives a first-rate paper to a third-rate scientific journal, the indictment must stand as a whole, that the genus is a forcing-bed for sciolism—pseudo science. The reasons for the origin and spread of these so-called scientific publications are manifold. In the domain of physical and chemical sciences reputable periodicals were a necessity, and still are. They are simply clearing houses advertising the results of experiment and discovery. In finance and in administrative science in Europe something similar may be urged. But in the disputed domain of politics, economics, ethics, and sociology, the journal becomes too often merely a disguised advertisement for the advocates of some particular brand of thought, opinion, or method. But it is supposed that particular *éclat* attaches to the editor or editors, a glory which they in turn reflect upon the scientific society or the institution of learning to which they are attached. Nevertheless, absurd individual and university jealousies centre about them. They duplicate each other's book-reviews, steal each other's thunder freely, beg or extort contributions according as the would-be contributor is comfortably placed or looking for academic advancement; and become a needless tax upon the slender purses of graduate students and upon the budgets of public libraries.

For many years the evils of the undue multiplication of these journals have been conceded in the saner academic centres, and some unavailing efforts have been made in the direction of consolidation. The governing bodies of colleges and universities have sometimes persisted in keeping these journals alive, when the editors from their own faculties have admitted their futility. Indeed, the superstition attaching to printer's ink is nowhere stronger than in many academic circles. Said a friendly adviser some years ago to a newly ap-

pointed instructor in a small New England college: "They will do anything for you here, if you will only *publish*." Some universities seem to fear that Satanic mischief can be kept out of the staff of instruction if the annual professorial output, measured by the yard, is only extensive enough. More than one university publishes an annual record of the books and articles emanating from its faculty. If this list is intended to extort printed matter—well called *matter*, for spirit it generally lacks—it is the crassest Philistinism. Amongst the severest trials which Jowett recounts at Balliol was keeping in hand his young tutors, some of whom wanted to marry on inadequate incomes, while others wanted to rush into print without having anything to say. Something may be urged for a temporary suspensive veto to be wisely exercised by academic heads upon indiscriminate printing. The weariness resulting from making many books is proverbial, and if any reform is ever to come, it should emanate from those who are presumably able to assess literary and scientific values.

The revolutionary Old-Age Pension Bill passed the House of Commons by almost unanimous vote. But even had the Conservatives in greater number opposed the measure, they could not have avoided a large part of the responsibility for it. They dallied with the idea when in power; they have criticised the bill rather in details than in principle; and they generally supported it, because, as the *London Times* put it, they felt that "a great hope has been raised in the hearts of thousands of persons, and that it would be a serious step to retard the fulfilment of that hope, however much they question the wisdom of the Government's methods." This result was to be expected. When the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry took office the party turned, in the absence of any harassing foreign problems, to the great humanitarian movements of the day; the old-age pension offered an opportunity to please the masses and pay the new Labor Party for its support. And so it has come about that the party of Mill, Bright, and Cobden is sponsor for a bill which might well be called a Bill to Destroy Thrift and Industry. The party of the Manchester school of individualists has enacted a law which bestows a pension

upon every person reaching the age of seventy, man or woman, who can produce a birth certificate, can prove a limited income, or none at all, and a fair character. The recipient is not compelled to save in order to provide for his old age. He may have drunk up his savings in moderate tipping, and may have been an inefficient worker all his life. But at seventy the lazy and incompetent, as well as the industrious and skilful, are alike informed that the world owes them a living. The results in the discouragement of thrift may not become manifest at once—indeed, it may take several generations before they are apparent. But there are other consequences which will appear sooner. The vast sums required to carry out the plan will put a weapon into the hands of the protectionists with which they may reach the vitals of the free traders within a surprisingly short time. The financial danger will vex every Chancellor of the Exchequer, and will always give a Chamberlain or a Balfour a reason for urging a "reform" of the tariff which will produce more revenue.

Forty hours under water during a cruise of 390 miles under war conditions—this is the extraordinary record of the British submarine manœuvre flotilla. It comprised seventeen vessels of the B and C types of the Holland boat as developed by the British naval experts. They are of 313 tons, using gasoline engines when on the surface or awash, and electrical power when wholly submerged; and they are reported to have living quarters that are decently habitable. Nothing like this record has been achieved anywhere else. But the English, slow to take up submarines, have been going about their development with true British thoroughness, and what was once characterized as Yankee energy. True, our own navy has done some experimenting at Newport, and Congress authorized eight new submarines at its last session. But our naval officers are wholly absorbed by the battleship controversy and the craze for Dreadnoughts. They have quite abandoned the American monitor, and have paid scant attention to torpedoes and torpedo-boat work, in which the Confederate naval officers were so conspicuous in days of the blockade.

MR. TAFT'S POLICIES.

Mr. Taft, in his long speech of acceptance, is, of course, enthusiastic over the policies and methods of Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party. Candidates seem bound to say the conventional things; and therefore we attach little weight to Mr. Taft's sweeping denunciation of the opposition and his distinction between the Republican platform as "progressive and regulative," and the Democratic as "radical and destructive." Mr. Bryan will pay his respects to Mr. Taft in much the same terms and will mean as little by them. Of the document as a whole we may say that it exhibits frankness and common sense and confirms former impressions of Mr. Taft's sanity and courage. We shall confine our comment to three of the main issues, in discussing which Mr. Taft amplifies the resolutions of the Republican Convention, and shows something of his personal qualities—the difference between his point of view and that of President Roosevelt and the party hacks. On corporation control he is rather non-committal; on the tariff disappointingly cool; on the demands of labor refreshingly firm and vigorous.

As to corporations, Mr. Taft declares that the task of the next Administration "is distinct from and a progressive development of that which has been performed by President Roosevelt":

The chief function of the next Administration is to complete and perfect the machinery by which these standards may be maintained, by which the law-breakers may be promptly restrained and punished, but which shall operate with sufficient accuracy and dispatch to interfere with legitimate business as little as possible.

Since Mr. Taft differs from Mr. Roosevelt in having been severely trained in the law, since he grasps broad principles, whereas Mr. Roosevelt sees only detached concrete instances, he will, we are confident, move toward reform with a step that is far more cautious and certain. Mr. Taft points out, for instance, that it does no good "to prescribe new duties for the Interstate Commerce Commission," the performance of which is "practically impossible," or "to denounce new offences with drastic punishment unless subordinate and auxiliary legislation shall be passed," providing for the enforcement of penalties. On the question of physical valuation of railways Mr. Taft speaks with moderation. He argues

that valuation is but one of many factors in determining rates; but he concludes that a valuation of the tangible property of a railway may from time to time be desirable or even necessary; and that in view of the legislation proposed in the Republican platform, forbidding the issue of interstate railway stocks or bonds without Federal authority, "there should be the right and machinery to make a valuation." He is also moderate on the subject of a Federal license for companies engaged in interstate trade. To ask a license of all such corporations would impose an "intolerable" burden, and he would therefore suggest some means for classifying and insuring Federal supervision of such corporations—"a very small percentage"—as "have the power and temptation to effect restraints of interstate trade." This may be vague, but at least it is much less revolutionary than some of Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations and the demands of the Republican extremists at Chicago.

On the tariff, Mr. Taft's apparent indifference must dash the hopes of all ardent revisionists. He objects to the Democratic plan of putting Trust-made articles on the free list because that "would not only destroy the Trusts, but all of their smaller competitors." This tenderness for the small competitor is an excuse which is worn so threadbare that Mr. Taft should be ashamed to produce it. Furthermore, he believes there are some "schedules in which the tariff is not sufficiently high to give the measure of protection which they should receive upon Republican principles." This staggering assertion must be a sop to the bourbon protectionists. But he admits the necessity of revision and confirms the platform promise to begin "promptly upon the incoming of the new Administration." From the point of view of reformers, however, the main thing is to get the tariff once fairly open for discussion. That is what the "standpatters" chiefly dread; for they know that the schedules reek with scandal, and that once the press and public have a chance to let in the light, Congress will be forced to abolish the worst of the inequalities and iniquities.

The paragraphs dealing with labor and law are by far the strongest part of Mr. Taft's speech. In tone his language is conciliatory, but he shows a far stiffer back than President Roosevelt and the

weak-kneed gentlemen who wanted Gompers and the American Federation of Labor to have everything at Chicago. Of non-union workers Mr. Taft asserts squarely:

Their rights before the law are exactly the same as those of the union men, and are to be protected with the same care and watchfulness.

On the boycott he is equally emphatic:

What they have not the right to do is to injure their employer's property, to injure their employer's business by use of threats or methods of physical duress against those who would work for him, or deal with him, or by carrying on what is sometimes known as a secondary boycott against his customers or those with whom he deals in business; . . . they may not through the instrumentality of a threatened or actual boycott compel third persons against their will and having no interest in the controversy to come to their assistance. These principles have for a great many years been settled by the courts of this country.

This is a blow between the eyes for Mr. Gompers. Directly opposed to the position of "labor" also is Mr. Taft's clear analysis of the use of the injunctions in industrial disputes. He flatly contradicts Mr. Roosevelt by saying that "the number of instances in which restraining orders without notice in industrial disputes have issued in Federal courts is small"; and that this small number "shows the careful manner in which most Federal judges have exercised their jurisdiction." He riddles the Democratic plank (a bid for the labor vote) demanding a jury trial in prosecutions for contempt, and condemns it as "an insidious attack upon the judicial system"; but he adds that "more definite specification in procedure . . . can be effected without injury to the administration of the law." His conclusion of the whole matter is sound and forcible: "The maintenance of the authority of the courts is essential unless we are prepared to embrace anarchy." In this position, in what promises to be one of the leading issues of the campaign, Mr. Taft deserves the cordial support of every good citizen.

In fine, Mr. Taft's speech seems likely to alienate still further the labor element and the hot radicals of his own party, especially those of the West. They already look upon the Chicago platform as too reactionary; Mr. Taft is even less inclined to cut loose and run amuck. By this attitude he will be strengthened among the conservatives of the East and the large business centres of the West;

and among those who, while anxious for reform, dread Mr. Bryan's propensity for flighty and ill-considered innovations.

THE STANDARD OIL AND THE COURTS.

The decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals, reversing Judge Landis's sentence fining the Standard Oil Company \$29,240,000, lays down pretty clearly the principle that this is a government of law, not of caprice, whether executive or judicial. For the Standard Oil we have no tenderness. We believe that the vast monopoly has been built up by men both shrewd and unscrupulous, and that the methods employed to crush rivals have been tricky, even treacherous. Moreover, we are convinced that long after public opinion was educated and clarified in the matter of railway rebates, long after every fair-minded man could see that a common carrier, enjoying special privileges—such as the power to condemn private property—should treat all shippers equally, the Standard Oil continued to secure secret favors; and that the official denials on this point were deliberate falsehoods. To say this, however, is not to say that the Standard Oil shall not have exact justice. Were it all compact of malignity, it is still entitled to its day in court, a verdict in accord with the evidence, and a sentence in accord with law and common sense. The fact that the three judges of appeal were unanimous raises a strong presumption that the rulings of the lower court were due in part to heat and prejudice. This presumption is fortified by the further fact that the opinion on appeal was delivered by Judge Grosscup, a man whose hostility to the lawlessness of corporations has been publicly proclaimed in terms of almost unjudicial bitterness. His natural inclination would be to let the offender feel the full rigor of the statute. If he maintains that the Standard Oil has been unjustly dealt with, most sober men will acquiesce.

The lower court is reversed on two main grounds: First, the evidence against the Standard Oil was not complete and unequivocal, partly because the rulings of Judge Landis excluded certain testimony favorable to the defendant; second, even had the evidence been satisfactory, the judge, in imposing the enormous fine, "abused the discre-

tion vested in the court." The evidence is complex and often highly technical. When sentence was pronounced last August, we noted the difficulties and ambiguities and expressed doubt on this very matter. Judge Grosscup's analysis of the evidence makes its weakness even more apparent than in the press reports of a year ago. His reasoning further persuades us that the data from which Judge Landis reckoned the number of offences were not wholly trustworthy, and that the fine, even had guilt been certain, was excessive. We question, however, whether Judge Landis fully deserves the severe rebuke administered to him. He may have been swayed both by the popular passion against the Standard Oil and by a desire to help the Republican Administration in its campaign against the Trusts; but it is conceivable that he was wholly unconscious in yielding to such unworthy motives, and there is no proof that he deliberately prostituted his position to personal or political ends. If we are not to damn the Standard Oil on mere general principles, neither must we damn Judge Landis.

If he had an eye to political effects, either for himself or for his party, he has been sharply punished. The cry of Mr. Bryan and his followers that President Roosevelt has made a terrible ado about putting wealthy malefactors in prison, but has actually accomplished very little in this line, will now ring through the country with redoubled force. The Standard Oil is the most hated of all the Trusts; it was singled out for special attack; it was the big game which the mighty Nimrods at Washington were chiefly desirous of bagging; the fine of \$29,240,000 has been dangling at Mr. Roosevelt's belt as the most conspicuous scalp he has taken. But the court has snatched that trophy from him; and the opponents of the Administration can declare with much effect on the stump that Mr. Roosevelt's loud professions are unsustained by performance. In the West, where the tide of radicalism is still running high, this argument cannot fail to be a telling one. Bryan, who has been complaining that Mr. Roosevelt has stolen his policies, can now assert that the thief does not know how to apply them, and that the Democrats still remain the only real enemies of the wicked corporations, the only real friends of the people.

In the East, however, where many people are tired of "muck-raking," and where the harrying of corporations has produced no small apprehension in commercial centres, the decision of last week will bring a sense of relief that may even help to reconcile some of the stoutest critics of the Administration to Mr. Taft and "my policies." It is plain that the courts will still defend property; that they will not accept reckless denunciations, whether in President's messages or public speeches, as a substitute for legal evidence; and that capitalists who obey the law have nothing to fear. The gloomy forebodings as to what may happen if radicals and revolutionaries come into power are groundless. We still have a Constitution to guard our ancient liberties.

It is plain, also, that if we are to curb the lawless corporations and bring them to the bar, the proper methods are not those of crude sensationalism and wild oratory, in which Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt have been competing. That sort of thing does very well for a little while. It may even carry a man into office on a wave of popular enthusiasm. But in this world results are achieved, not by noise, but by action. The quiet, steady, hard work and hard thinking for which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan have so little liking; the careful framing of legislation; the thorough gathering and skilful presentation of evidence—this is the only process by which the people can successfully prosecute a case against the "criminal rich." If we elect Bryan, he will inevitably disappoint us as Mr. Roosevelt has disappointed us—and for precisely the same reason. In the light of last week's event Mr. Taft's rôle is obviously that of the cool, cautious, firm, and persistent man who will labor without clamor and be sure of each step forward.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

The festival at Quebec has been as much a tribute by Britain to France as by the British Canada of the present to the French Canada of the past. We have already referred to this broader significance of the Champlain celebration. It comes as a fitting culmination of four years of growing friendship between the two mother countries across the Atlantic, and naturally carries with it the weight that can scarcely attach to

mere Franco-British expositions and fraternal visits between French and British Mayors, Parliamentarians, authors, scientists, and school children. In France and in England, it is true, the thought of Canada can scarcely evoke the same sense of unalloyed rejoicing. Great Britain may regard the present with satisfaction, if with a sigh at the difficulties that have been surmounted on the way; France cannot help looking back with a pang to what was and reflecting sadly on what might have been. But the old wound has healed; and Gallic pride may console itself with the thought that the French genius has ever been more successful in the field of spiritual than of political conquest. Napoleon's empire lasted only a little while, but the ideas of the great Revolution transformed Europe, are still at work on the Continent, and are echoing in distant Asia. And so, though the crown and the power of Canada are Britain's, nevertheless Quebec's prominent rôle in the national life, her poets and her statesmen, have shown the high capacities of the French blood.

It is a commonplace to insist that French and English in Canada are now a united people; but, while it is true that the old racial animosities have been dying out, it is a question whether even in the troubled days before the Federation Act of 1867, England's rule was ever more gravely jeopardized by her French subjects in Quebec than by her English-speaking subjects in the other provinces. It is an interesting speculation as to how far the presence of a large French element in Canada has contributed, and will continue to contribute, to the perpetuation of British rule. One of England's greatest difficulties is in ruling Englishmen. With foreign races she seems to get on well enough. The thirteen English-speaking colonies were constantly quarrelling with the mother country until the final break came. All-English Australia is the most unruly, the most impudent and cock-sure young cub of a dependency that ever told a mother-empire to mind her own business. On the other hand, South Africa, with a predominantly Dutch population, is speedily accommodating herself to the rôle of being British and united. And Canada has, on the whole, preserved the duty and dignity of the young matron who has known how to combine the parts of

daughter in her mother's house and mistress in her own. How far is the presence of a non-English population effective in keeping English fellow-subjects loyal to the British crown? Without stooping to the brutal method of fomenting dissension, Great Britain has found it still true that divisions among her subjects, pacific though they may be, help her to rule.

Nevertheless, it is quite apparent that with time the French influence in Canada must show a decline. The national celebration at Quebec is commemorative of a spirit of pioneer enterprise among the French which seems now to have left them. When Champlain, after founding Quebec, turned south towards New York, he began the opening up of a continent which the Frontenacs, Jolietts, Marquettes, Tontys, and La Salles were so gloriously to continue. But in building up the Canadian West, the French race is taking very little part. So that, even though Quebec escapes retrogression, even if it move forward in economic development with a caution characteristic of the French race in that field, it must come to count continually less and less as English-speaking colonists from across the seas, and from south of the border, form new centres of economic, and consequently political, power in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Add to these the older but no less progressive West of Manitoba and British Columbia, and the ultimate balance against the French-Canadian appears correspondingly weighted.

What must be the effect on Canada's relation to the mother country? According to our thesis, the more English she becomes, the thinner should grow the bonds that tie Canada to the Empire. Yet at first sight just the opposite would seem to have been the case. Canada now is more loyal than it was ten years ago, more intent on preserving the connection with England. But it is apparent, on the other hand, that Canadian loyalty is directed less toward Great Britain than toward Canada itself. So liberal have been England's concessions to the demands of her eldest daughter, that Canada's failure to reciprocate would have been inconceivable. The attitude of the Canadians toward Asiatic immigration, for instance, has been allowed seriously, though not officially, to modify Great Britain's relations of intimacy with Japan. Only a few months ago the

British government, in treaty with our own, conceded to its colonies the practical right of veto on any treaty affecting their interests; naturally, this concerns Canada most. In other ways Canadian self-rule and pride have been flattered, so that, counting her enormous annual British immigration, it would be strange if Canada, situated a scant two thousand miles away from the mother country, and in easy and quick communication with it, should show the same tendency to independence that is so often seen in distant and isolated Australasia.

A CONSTITUTION FOR TURKEY.

A generation which lives through great changes seldom recognizes their full moment. Japanese victories over Russia may be dramatic, may even be vaguely portentous while we read of them, but the insistent cares of everyday business dwarf them to the stature of the ordinary event. Generally it is reserved for the future to contemplate with awe the working of large forces in the world's history. But the years since 1904 have constituted an exceptional period. It calls for no perfervid historical imagination to realize that we have been witnessing during these four years a tremendous social and political evolution in open and rapid play. Japan triumphant, Russia constitutionalized, Persia constitutionalized, China preparing for a Constitution, India and Egypt stirred by great dreams of self-rule—it has been like a picture from a gigantic, swiftly-moving film projected upon a canvas covering nearly half the earth. And now comes Turkey. Abdul Hamid, aghast at the spirit of mutiny which has blazed up among his Macedonian and Albanian regiments, has called a Liberal Grand Vizier to power, announced the grant of a Constitution, and summoned a Parliament to meet in Constantinople. To the world at large the news comes like a bolt from the blue. In Russia, the Constitution of August, 1905, was preceded by six months of revolutionary activity. In Persia there was a long preceding period of agitation. But it is only a day or two ago that we learned how active the leaders of Young Turkey have been among the troops. In that day or two the Sultan has taken fright and submitted.

Not that the Young Turks are a new factor in Ottoman affairs. They go back far into the nineteenth century. Their ideas were already current when Sultan Abdul Medjid, in imminent danger of losing his throne to Mehemed Ali of Egypt, issued, in November, 1839, the Hattı Sherif of Gulhane, which laid down liberal principles of government for the Porte, reformed the bureaucracy, and placed Christians and Mohammedans on an equal basis. A succession of Liberal Ministers kept the principles of the act of Gulhane alive till foreign complications, culminating in the Crimean war, led the Palace to reassert its old power. Again, in December, 1876, when the Balkans were in revolt and war with Russia was certain, Abdul Hamid, who had succeeded his brother Murad V. in the same year, promulgated a Constitution for the Empire. The first Turkish Parliament met in March, 1877, and its career was exactly like that of all new-born Parliaments. It put forward demands which the throne would not grant, entered into conflict with the Ministers, asserted its own supremacy in the state, and got itself dissolved after a session of eleven months. Since then the government of Turkey has been what we have known it. The Young Turkish leaders have been persecuted and compelled to carry on their propaganda from Paris, where a nephew of the Sultan has been the head of the party. Their work among the Turkish troops is now said to date from 1904. But the Turkish army for a long time has presented the anomalous character of an efficient and loyal force given to chronic mutiny. In times of crisis, the Sultan could count on his Albanian and Anatolian troops. He has found to his cost that he can no longer rely on them.

The ultimate outcome of the Sultan's sudden surrender is, of course, in doubt; in view of the course of constitutionalism in Russia and Persia, it would be rash to indulge in definite prophecy. In Turkey the problem is all the more complicated because of the historical relations of the Empire to the rest of Europe. One thing only can be said: that, unless the constitutional revolution was foreseen in the European chancelleries, the change must work an entire rearrangement in the diplomacies of each of the great Powers. If we recall how Europe was all in a flut-

ter a few months ago over the comparatively trivial matter of a railway concession granted to Austria-Hungary, if we recollect how vital a problem in European politics Macedonia has been, it will be apparent what effect on European diplomacy will be produced by an event that dwarfs even the Macedonian trouble. It was, very likely, the preparations making by the Powers to loosen still further Turkey's hold on the Macedonian provinces, that stirred Turkish patriotism to action against the régime of Hamid and precipitated the present crisis. For in this latest manifestation of the Young Turkish movement there is more involved than a struggle for constitutional reform. Added to that is a new national pride and self-confidence which sees no reason why Turkey should continue to be dependent solely on the mutual jealousies of the European Powers. The Young Turkish leaders feel that in Turkey, as in Japan, there is the strength of self-subsistence.

The effects which the new Constitution will produce in Turkey itself are too complicated for summary treatment. But the new Constitution has an importance and bearing outside of the Ottoman Empire. It comes as a timely reinforcement to the cause of constitutionalism in those places where the forces of political progress have still to contend with formidable difficulties. Only the other day liberal institutions in Persia were in the most serious danger. To-day it cannot be doubted that the example of the leading Mohammedan nation will make it impossible for Persia to go back. Even in Russia autocracy, disguised as constitutionalism, must feel the effect. For very shame, the Czar cannot return to methods and institutions that Abdul Hamid has discarded. To civilization at large the event at Constantinople brings notable grounds for rejoicing. It brings another refutation of that gospel of inferior and superior races which has been made the basis of the brutal ethics of Imperial conquest and exploitation. Islam may rule itself. Liberty and democracy are not the special gifts of the divinely endowed white European races.

JAPAN'S INDUSTRIAL FUTURE.

Since Japan's triumph over Russia, public utterances about the character of the island empire have run the entire rhetorical gamut, from magniloquent

eulogy to unfounded denunciation. At first the Japanese were the Anglo-Saxons of the East, but speedily they were metamorphosed into the Yellow Peril. The tumult and shouting have nearly subsided, however, and the sane and discriminating observations recently made in several newspaper interviews by that experienced traveller, George Kennan, only illustrate anew that, "when half-gods go, the gods arrive." Mr. Kennan is quoted as saying in part:

The Japanese navy, army, and civil services are exceptionally clean. Some of the disappearing shady methods in business are due to a great extent to the fact that formerly only the lowest classes went into trade. Now that the Samurai are entering trade, business will soon be on an entirely honest standard.

There is a view of the Orient which postulates a peculiar psychology of the brown and yellow races. The convolutions of their brains are supposed to differ from the white man's. Even so sagacious an observer as Lord Cromer has descanted on the unpredictable workings of the mind of the East. But separated as East and West are by centuries of culture, the motives now seen to actuate Japan's policy are very plain, common-sense ones. Japan is averse to a hostile attitude towards the United States, because of Japan's heavy commitments in Korea, because Formosa's natural resources are so ample as to preclude any envy of our Philippine possessions, and because Japan is bent on maritime and commercial growth. Very plain and homely objects these, and such as require no metaphysical subtlety in race psychology to fathom.

The importance to Japan of Formosa and Korea lies in the stores of mineral deposits, especially of coal and iron, which they contain. These raw products are, of course, native to Japan, which has even exported coal. But in Japan they are not found in the abundance requisite for preëminence in iron and steel production. There seems, however, good ground for the belief that Japan's maritime future is assured. The long, indented coast line has created a hardy, skilful, and adventurous sea-faring population, comparable perhaps to the Greeks of old or the English of more recent times. The modern art of shipbuilding with iron and steel has been pursued with zeal, and has expanded with great rapidity. The Japanese craftsman of former times has made a skilled and capable artisan. The

result has been a very rapid growth in tonnage, and so sharp a competition for freight that the English freighter often loses a cargo to the Japanese. The immediate carrying trade in the waters of the Pacific bordering on the Mikado's kingdom is practically in the hands of the Japanese. Whether the deposits of coal, iron, and petroleum from its outlying dominions will ever give Japan a position in iron and steel comparable with that of the United States or Germany is very doubtful. But Japan is not likely to be outdone in the ocean carrying trade of the Pacific. The manufacturing and industrial future of Japan will doubtless lie in the textile industry. Silk is, of course, the most important manufactured export, but cotton yarns and various products of split bamboo, such as mats, are important. Nor has the earlier mastery of the plastic arts, nor indeed any trade where digital dexterity is important, left Japan without important subsidiary export industries. Porcelain and earthenware, lamps, and matches still contribute heavily to the consignments that seek foreign shores.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Japan's industrial growth is the improving *morale* of trade upon which Mr. Kennan and other Japanese authorities are laying such stress. The contrast between the Japanese and Chinese merchant's honesty has often been pointed out—to the disadvantage of the Japanese hitherto. The explanation lies in the past social history and structure of Japan. For centuries precedence and dignity in that land have been accorded to the Samurai, the warrior class. Next below, but *longo intervallo*, stood the farmer, whose sedulously tilled rice garden was the principal support of a people almost entirely addicted to a cereal diet. Third, came the artisan class—the smith in iron, and the wood-worker, who often formed a part of the entourage of the warrior gentry. But below them all was the merchant, the trader, the retailer, whose gains were supposed to be at the expense of the other classes and of his own self-respect or honesty. To “a nation of shopkeepers,” this may seem an undue disparagement of a necessary and useful function. But it is characteristic not alone of feudal Japan, but of many a Western nation in the same stage of economic immaturity. Aristotle's strictures on the trader or huckster but reflect the dominant view held a generation ago in Japan of the merchant.

Whenever the history of Japanese morals is studied, the fact always comes to the top that, while personal loyalty to one's superior was nowhere so splendidly developed as in Japan, the homely, every-day virtue of honesty was left to vegetate. But the old order changes in Japan, as elsewhere, and the Samurai families are increasingly betaking themselves to trade and commerce, to banking and manufactures. This has the double effect of relieving commercial pursuits of the stigma that has so long rested on them, and of enlisting in trade the flower of the Japanese people. The questionable practices of Japanese merchants in the past have been sometimes condoned by their compatriots, who discovered how various nations of the West, in early treaties and conventions, had outwitted the unsuspecting Japanese. It will not do, therefore, for the West to adopt a smug complacency, and to congratulate the Japanese on their improving standard of commercial honesty. If the descendants of the Samurai can erect a standard of commercial integrity at all comparable to their fine past record for courage and loyalty, we shall be their debtors, and not they ours.

THE TRAGIC SENSE.

The strange return of Eberhard, the New Jersey murderer, to the scene of his crime and his distracted confession, and the mystery surrounding the death of Hazel Drew of Troy, prove anew that the newspapers are dealing constantly in the raw stuff of tragedy. It is dangerous material to handle—this daily chronicle of passion and violence. For tragedy is one thing, and the raw material of tragedy is another. The spectacle of the one is a deterrent, of the other an incentive to crime. The process of transforming an unwholesome passage from the records of the police courts into something akin to tragic drama demands a deeply reflective mind. It must be admitted that the average newspaper reporter is wholly inadequate to the task, even were it not quite aside from the purpose of his calling. It is unnecessary to say that the mind of the ordinary newspaper reader is as unequal to the transformation as that of the reporter.

The truly tragic, according to the Greek critic, stirs the soul with pity for the offender and cleanses it with terror for the offence. The perilous fascination exercised by the newspaper record of crime is due to its entire lack of the tragic “purgation.” By the newspaper men the divine terror of the “Agamemnon” would be reduced to the story of a brutal woman who trapped her husband in his bath and brained him with a hatchet. In that form the material is unedifying and unprofitable; but, unfortunately, in that form it is also the most generally palatable. The public, if we may judge by the circulation of the sensational papers, is most pleased when the major crimes are treated with apparent nonchalance or even with flippancy and gloating detail. What is desired is crude sensation, as in the voluminous accounts of the Thaw trial, without troublesome afterthought.

The moral purgation effected by tragedy is to be attributed in large measure to its constant relating of cause to effect—a thing which no reporter can do and which no self-indulgent sinner likes to do. Macbeth indulges in this weak or vicious thought to-day which will cause him to do that bad thing to-morrow which will lead to a bloody deed the day after—and so all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. The tragic sense divines every link in the chain till the first is forged to the last. The newspaper man's aim is clean contrary. His object is to thrill and startle. Last night this man was worth millions; this morning he has not a cent. Interesting. Yesterday this man was a pillar of his church; to-day he has two wives. Amusing. Last night he was a respected bank cashier; this morning he is in Canada. Alarming. This morning she was selling lace in a big dry goods store; to-night she is in the East River. Shocking. He quietly entered the house and put a knife into his wife and three children. Horrible. Horrible, shocking, alarming, amusing, interesting—sensations of the moment gradually accumulating into an abiding sense that this is a pretty nasty world; that is the limit of instruction in the newspaper account of crime. How different from the reflection of the villain Edmund in “Lear,” when deep-dyed in evil he meets his end: “The wheel is come full circle; I am here.”

Even when the sense of tragedy falls

on the criminal, and he comprehends that he has done what humanity cannot tolerate, no Shakespeare is at hand to record the fact. There is not ordinarily even a reporter. The retribution takes place in horrid silence, and the Eumenides tear dumbly in the inarticulate spirit. If the offender is young and has friends, the sensational newspapers may create for him a wave of ungovernable pity, but the terror to which they appeal is not the moral terror which purges, but the physical terror of pain and death which is felt by every coward. Not every criminal, however, has the intellectual vigor to discern, like Edmund, on his death-bed, that the gods are just. Commonly, they step into eternity with the hard bravado that they wear in life, or are shuffled off struggling, like dogs that have been caught killing sheep. The sordid hero of this sordid drama is the executioner. The only comment is that society has put away from the light something vile. In the old days it was regarded as wholesome to let the world see men dangling in chains. The comparatively recent exclusion of the public from executions is evidence of our perception that there is no tragic cleansing wrought in the emotions of the spectators by the punishment of an unrepentant criminal. On the contrary, the effect is a sense of degradation, and a feeling that the great stage of life has contracted into a den where animals fight and reptiles strike.

The newspaper records of crime weaken the will by reminding men of their moral insignificance; tragedy strengthens it by reminding them of their moral greatness. For, as the wisdom of the Greeks and of the Elizabethans divined, tragedy can befall only a great man in whom good and evil elements are mingled. In his destiny more than mortal powers participate. When *Œdipus* died, the sky lightened and strange voices were heard. When the devils contended for the soul of *Faustus*, Christ's blood streamed in the firmament. We no longer believe that tragedy is concerned only with the fates of lords and ladies. Since Wordsworth found it in the shepherd, and Thomas Hardy in the dairy-maid, we have come to recognize the tragic possibilities in the common man who every day does as mad things as a king. But the common man towers to tragic proportions only when the contention of good and evil in him is re-

lated to superhuman powers—to the "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," and to the something not ourselves which opposes it. Into the pity and terror of that struggle the crime-monger never penetrates; and it is not the least of our grievances against him that his public revelling in horrors blunts the keenness of our own tragic sense.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, July 10.

"*Aloyse Valérien*," by Edouard Rod, marks the highest point yet reached by a novelist who has had a long and honorable career, but who has not carried off the first prizes. This new novel has made the occasion of a brief preface to explain the meaning of his works. There were four tentative beginnings between 1881 and 1885. Then came three "psychological studies"—these were the fashion then in novels—and one of them, "*Le Sens de la vie*," won high honor from the public and the French Academy. In 1892 he began the "*études passionnelles*," ten in all, of which the present novel is the latest; the preface announces another. In 1897 appeared the first of seven "social studies" so far published, also in the shape of very concrete story-telling novels. For twenty-seven years in the life of a writer who is not yet fifty-two, these twenty-four novels, all respectably, if not sensationally, successful, represent a serious literary product; and even this does not include the book which, in 1891, made him known as a penetrating critic, "*Les Idées morales du temps présent*." The new novel has the strength—and the limitations—of the others. The characters are no longer ostensibly Calvinists; Paris and the French province furnish the living background for which the author's native Canton de Vaud has so often served. The writing, the manner of looking at life, is not unlike that of the younger and more rapidly rising novelist, Henry Bordeaux, who is of the opposite—the French Catholic—side of the lake of Geneva. Nothing could be more instructive than the contrast of the latter's characters, on the one hand, in their spontaneous utterance—a naturalness softening even the tragedies of lawless passion and leading to some solution of them—and, on the other, the self-consciousness that insulates and the need of self-righteous respectability that fetters all the characters of M. Rod. Long ago it was noted that Catholics and Calvinists are as widely separated when unbelievers as before. Even in sin and crime M. Rod's characters make the reader feel that they do not belong to populations having the intellectual and emotional habits of confession to man as well as to God alone.

Perhaps it is this chill reserve of their souls, their intense property in self and lack of human self-surrender, which prevent Edouard Rod becoming a great French novelist, although he stands at the head of the Swiss line.

Michel Corday's "*Mariage de demain*" directly attacks, with this author's usual boldness, a social problem less commonly solved in France, where social classes are hereditary castes, than in the United States, where the possession of money opens practically all doors. A young doctor, nephew of a rich manufacturer—that is, a *bourgeois*—has resolution enough to marry the factory girl whom he has learned to esteem as well as to love. His mother, daughter of a man of science, approves and tries that difficult task which has failed with more than one daughter of American *bourgeois* married into European nobility—the social education of the transplanted one. The uncle of the husband, the brother who is a man of the world, and even the sister, who plays at humanitarian reforms of comfortably future realization, take a steady, utterly unsympathetic stand against him. Perhaps the heroine would not have been so adaptable in French real life as she is in the pages of the novel, where she even contrives to rouse the energies of the worn-out caste which has been obliged to receive her. The whole tendency of the book runs counter to Paul Bourget's "*Étape*," which has popularized in France the reactionary doctrine that there is no quick bursting of birth's invidious bonds. In France it is this seemingly irrepressible conflict between wage-earners as a class and property-holders as a caste which has made possible the discomfiture of the Church, the invasion of the state by Socialism, and all the consequent threatening social revolution. In America, on the contrary, salvation has so far been found in the free and constant circulation of classes—three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. But in French middle-class atmosphere Michel Corday's story is revolutionary.

"*L'Idylle de Marie Biré*," by Gustave Geffroy, is the pathetic story of a naïve country girl whom convent education in her native village has not prepared to face the wickedness of Paris, where she takes service. Not without injury, she escapes back to the village, where she finds at last a worthy husband in a working boy, ignorant as herself, who condones because he humanly understands. M. Geffroy shows no particular bitterness against the unpractical otherworldliness of his convent school for the poor; but he has also nothing to say about making marriage legally easier in France, which might help to stay the flowing of people fit only for country life into the great city. Two other novels handle common life with less earnestness, to which fact, perhaps, they owe their

heavier sales. "La Femme bourgeoise," by Marcel Prévost, is in the vein which has won him popularity. Three feminine types are studied "in full amorous crisis," with the natural conclusion that "Every woman's soul is a world." Yet surely types no more exist in real life than do the faces of composite photographs. "Camille Frison," by André Vernières, a new writer, is the romance of a Paris sewing girl—one of the thousands whose youth and grace attract from the whole world those clothed in purple and fine linen. Bound to poverty beside countless riches, their lives cannot pass without the trials and temptations which are the tragedy on which fashion builds its comic opera. Apart from the pathos of the story, this novel gives a well-studied picture of an entire social class; it ranks worthily with those novels, honorably French, which portray the history of an epoch from the lives of its working girls—"Florise Bonheur" of Adolphe Brisson, and "L'Apprentie" of Gustave Geffroy. There could be no higher praise; and Lucien Descaves of the Goncourt Academy, friend of the lowly, writes a preface accordingly. "Les Affranchis," by Abel Hermant, who is also in training for the Academy, is another of this author's chronicles of contemporary life among the few that make up the fast set. Needless to say, the tale is told from that superior vantage point which sees foibles in relief, and smiles disinterestedly at all absence of moral sense.

"La Belle au bois dormant," by François de Nion, shows how undying is literary artifice once discovered. The story reverses Rip Van Winkle, and makes us live over a gallant and touching adventure of the time of Louis XVI. This author has been writing fairly successful novels for twenty years, with a certain air corresponding to the fact that he is a count and former attaché of an embassy. "L'Affaire Nell," by Louis Estang, also makes use of an old artifice, as good as ever for giving the reader his fill of incident, and, by the way, of insight into a special world. An attempt is made to dispossess the lawful heir of a great inheritance, with off-color judges and lawyers, but also with their honest and honorable compeers. This does not prevent the heroine winding up, after breathless trials, with only one-tenth of her original fortune; but she has a husband to make up for what she has lost.

With "L'Espoir," by Georges Lecomte, we come to a novel of some importance as a contemporary document; and yet, like most of the writings of this lawyer and art critic, who for nearly twenty years has had his say in fiction, it is likely to be little read outside of France, and there only by a party. It is centred in the life of *intellectuels* just after the war and Commune; and it is curious-

ly alive with such art passions as found expression in Zola's "Mes Haines." How the nascent Republic gathered up all these intelligences and passions in revolt against the influences of their childhood appears in these pages—a strange mixture of fermenting ideas and independent thinking, with hatred of Philistines and, to foreigners, a quite unnecessary obsession of sex. The author himself does not seem to realize that the success of Manet and Claude Monet, and the others, which his characters predict at a time when the Philistine raged, has not only come—but is rapidly going in the sure waves of reaction. Perhaps, as a slight token of the turn of the tide, the first appearance of Alphonse Daudet's younger son as a novelist may be significant. Lucien Daudet's "Le Chemin mort" is a story of latest contemporary life; and, while the author is not evidently filled with the anti-Semitic and anti-radical passions of his agitating brother Léon, yet there is the same ever-present undertone of dissatisfaction with things as they are. S. D.

Correspondence.

TREVISA'S "GOD ME SPEED."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Cambridge "History of English Literature" (Vol. II.), in the course of an excellent article on John Trevisa, and others, speaks of his "childlike naïveté," without, however, affording us any example of this peculiarly mediæval trait. To my mind no better instance of the child spirit could be found than the few verses given below, which, so far as I know, have never been printed, or noticed, in any account of this interesting man.

Trevisa, in 1398, set them as "fore-word," to use Dr. Furnivall's expression, to his translation of the great encyclopædia "De Proprietatibus Rerum," written by Bartholomæus Anglicus.

Picture the scene. This learned and advanced scholar, recently expelled from Oxford for his Wycliffite leanings, and now under the protection of a powerful noble, sits at a desk in the little cell assigned him in Lord Berkeley's house, and gazes reflectively from the huge tome of Bartholomæus, to his own vellum leaves, still white and bare. For many a day he is to be as fast chained to his ink-pot, as ever was the vast volume to its place. No more pleasant walks with my lord and his daughter, through sunny fields and under greenwood shows. He picks up his freshly sharpened quill, heaves a great sigh, and—pensively but firmly—makes a cross.

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In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti,
Amen!

A Croys was maked al of reed
In the bigynnyng of my book
That is clepid god me speed,
In the first lessoun that I took.

Thanne I lernede A and B,
And other lettris by her names;
But alwey god spede me
Thoughte me needful in alle games.

If I playede in feeld or medis
In stilnesse either with noys,
I praiede help in alle my deedis
Of him that dyede on the croys.

Now dyuerse playes in his name
I schal lete passe forth, and fare,
And auntere to playe o. long game;
But yit also I schal spare.

Bothe wodis, medis, and feeldis,
Placis that I have playeed inne;
And in his name, that al thing weidis,
This game I schal bigyne.

And praye help, counsell and reed,
To me that he now wil sende,
And this game wel rule and leed,
And bringe it to a good ende.

A—M—E—N—.

With the exception of the substitution of "maked" for "maad," and the transliteration of the Old English characters that do not appear in our modern alphabet (my copy is taken from MS. B. M. Harley, 614, fol. 4b), I have collated the reading with Harley 4789, and a copy in University Library, Cambridge. Neither improves on this. The other two copies, in private hands, are inaccessible.

Most people know the old rhyme beginning "Christ his cross shall be my speed." Less known parallels are the "Alphabetum" (unpublished) in MS. Caius College (Cambridge), 176, p. 482—

Cryste crosse me spede and seynt nycolas
A b c A doth sygnifye,
etc.;

and the rhymes in the "Babees Book," II., 303, from Sloane, 1986—

If that thou be a yong enfaunt
And thénke the scoles for to haunt
This lessoun schalle thy maistres the merke
Cros Crist the spede in alle thi werke.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.
Oxford, England, July 9.

A LIBRARY IMPOSTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A man giving two different names is visiting libraries remote from Boston, claiming former connection with the manuscript department of the Boston Public Library, and, on the strength of this claim, borrowing money which he fails to repay. He has been reported from libraries in Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania. He is an impostor, and, so far as I know, has had no connection with any department of this library, although he wins confidence by showing familiarity with library matters. He cannot be identified by us from the description given, nor by either name.

HORACE G. WADLIN,
Librarian.

Boston Public Library, July 21.

Notes.

It is now announced more definitely that Swinburne's study of "The Age of Shakespeare" is in the press and will be published by Harper & Bros. about the first of October.

Among the new books on John Murray's list are "The Life of Major-General Sir

John Ardagh," by his wife; "From Ploughshare to Parliament: a Short History of the Potters of Tadcaster," by Georgina Meinertzhagen; "The Life of Lord Norton," by W. S. Childe-Pemberton; "The Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother," by W. H. P. Jarvis; and "The Reminiscences of a Stonemason."

The Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will print 500 separate copies of Prof. J. M. Manly's article on "Piers the Plowman and its Sequence" from the second volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature." In its review of that book last week the *Nation* commented on Professor Manly's thesis of the dual authorship of the poem.

The Codex Vossianus of Lucretius has been elaborately reproduced by phototype at Leyden.

A selection from the letters of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, edited by Ferris Greenslet, appears in the *Century Magazine* for August.

After a lapse of ten years W. E. Griffis brings out a new edition of his abridgment of Motley's "Dutch Republic," carrying the record down to include the second Peace Conference at The Hague. The book is fully illustrated with portraits and views of buildings, but contains only a single map, and that inadequate. Such an omission is unpardonable.

We have on our table the first volume of "The Complete Works of George Gascoigne," edited for the Cambridge English Classics (Putnam's), by Prof. John W. Cunliffe of the University of Wisconsin. We shall have more to say of the work when the second, and concluding, volume has appeared.

The fourth volume of the Humanists' Library (The Merrymount Press), containing Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesie," is based on Dr. Ewald Flügel's edition of the text and has had the advantage also of being read in proof by him. To the "Defence" are added the "Letter to Q. Elizabeth" and the "Defence of Leicester." Prof. G. E. Woodberry furnishes an appropriate introduction; the glow of Sidney's style and the exaltation of his mood finding fit response in the editor's vein of enthusiasm. And Prof. Woodberry does not fail to point out the genuine devoutness of the author's mind and the ethical end of his discourse which preserved his work as an English classic, whereas the Italian critics and philosophers from whom he drew so heavily have passed from men's memories. But it is the beauty of the type and the honest excellence of the paper that make the books of this series so desirable, and the present volume is in this respect of the same character as its predecessors.

In a tiny volume John Lane Co. has published a paper on "The Training of the Imagination," written by James Rhoades twenty-three years ago for an essay-society of public schoolmasters and printed afterwards in the *Journal of Education*. Despite its title it is really a practical little treatise, with hints for bringing a touch of solid inspiration into the schoolroom.

The advantages of a trip by automobile in foreign lands over every other mode of travelling have rarely, if ever, been so clearly shown as in Frank Presbrey's entertaining book, "Motoring Abroad" (The

Outing Publishing Co.). We are convinced that the most prejudiced opponent of the motor will be converted by it. The independence of the tourist, the rapidity and ease with which, like a bird, he flies from place to place, the opportunities for viewing natural scenery under the most favorable conditions, the intimate touch everywhere with human nature, impossible to the railway traveller, but of keenest interest and enjoyment, are all strikingly portrayed. There is much, it should be added, that is not intended for the casual reader, for the book is practically a guide for automobilists; but the detailed information about machines, custom houses, roads, and inns is mostly in separate chapters. The trip lasted two months, and embraced Normandy, Brittany, and the British Isles. The narrative is not taken up with accounts of visits to museums, picture galleries, palaces, and cathedrals, but is simply an amplification of notes made in the auto as it sped through the country and stopped at farmhouses and villages. To most readers the part relating to France will have the greatest interest, but there is much that will be new to many readers in the scenery and incidents of the Scottish and Irish parts. One thing is made very evident in Mr. Presbrey's story, that everywhere he went, but especially in France, the roads are cared for infinitely better than in this country. The chapter on this subject is full of valuable and useful suggestions to town officers. The numerous reproductions of photographs add much to the charm of the book, which we can confidently recommend to the stay-at-home who is afflicted with the somewhat prevalent desire to see Europe from an automobile.

Ireland is a country peculiarly well suited to the automobiling tourist. The rain, which, when not continuous, falls almost hourly, and the great distances that lie between good inns are serious drawbacks to one who walks or bicycles. In his amusing book, "Wanderings in Ireland" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), M. M. Shoemaker shows how, in a motor-car, one may defy the soft rain and fly past the worst hotels. He opens a fascinating prospect to those who dread the heat of summer. "We wear fur coats and we use fur robes all the time," he writes, in mid-June, "and would be most uncomfortable without them." In the course of his tour through the north, south, and west, he was entertained at several country houses, and he gives lively accounts of Irish home life. Well read in Irish history, he imparts a good deal of information, without becoming tedious. Perhaps tedium is not likely to characterize a book whose style, like Mr. Shoemaker's, takes on the swift pace of his mode of travel. Unlike many passing tourists, he shows a keen appreciation of the misery of those who cling to the barren lands in the west. Most travellers see only the picturesque in Achill, but Mr. Shoemaker found it "sad and stern and strange," and marvelled at the blind passion of its wretched inhabitants for that thin soil and bleak coast. The effect of the blessing of St. Patrick on Ireland seems to be on the wane in one respect, for Mr. Shoemaker records the discovery last year of a snake three feet long. His book is well illustrated by full-page photographs, and can be

read with entertainment even by those who have no interest in motoring.

Dr. W. A. Craigie, joint-editor of the "Oxford English Dictionary," presents a double section of Volume VIII, Reserve to Ribaldously. There are 2,763 words recorded as against the "Century's" 1,658, and Johnson's 317, and 15,983 quotations as against the "Century's" 1,835 and Johnson's 948. Johnson was, comparatively speaking, a copious quoter, but his erudition would surely have been aghast at the magnificent verbosity of the modern English. In all this list there are only two or three native words of importance. There is a considerable number of Greek derivatives beginning with Rh, prepared by C. T. Onions; but in perusing these teeming pages, one is struck by the fact that English from Reserve to Ribaldously would be an open book to any one commanding a Latin language. The great majority of the words have made their pilgrimage through the Romance tongues. Many of them are resistlessly resounding polysyllables. A few have been revoked or are retreatant. Others are revolant and reviscent. The great bulk of them is constituted of words in good and regular standing compounded with Re-. It is interesting to note how much Johnsonese there was before Johnson. In 1664 H. Power wrote, "The most full evidence against this pretended vacuity is from the returgescency of the empty bladder suspended in this vacuity." You may explain Garnett's description of the Oxford cardinal, "the retrospectant Newman," as a relic of the classical invasion of the eighteenth century; but away back in 1611 the register of the Privy Council of Scotland records the words of some one who "callit the Eril ane retrospectiane, whome God has spewit furth of his mouth"—scornful quadrasyllable amid the curt Scots. "Riant," which sounds like a modern fad-word, and was oddly enough petted by Carlyle, occurs as early as 1567 in Thomas Paynell's English version of the "Amaadis" "What an evil is it to be deprived of all the goodnesse that I receyved of hir riant and laughing eye." In 1690 Locke wrote: "When Ideas float in our mind without any Reflection or regard of the Understanding, it is that which the French call *Resvery*: our language has scarce a name for it." If he had turned to the "New English Dictionary" he would have found that Henry More used the same form in 1688, John Davies in 1657, Dorothy Osborne in 1653, and that the form "rev-ery" was in use as far back as Chaucer. These historical illustrations should make us think twice before apologizing for an innovation.

"The Reminiscences of Albert Pell, Sometime M. P. for South Leicestershire," have been edited with an introduction by Thomas Mackay, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Pell was a member of the House of Commons from 1868 to 1885; and during his busy life also he served his country locally as churchwarden, overseer of the poor, and surveyor of the highways, and was so frequently summoned to special juries that at last he successfully appealed against any further such calls on his time. He held strong views concerning the evil done to the country and especially to the laboring classes by too lax an administration

of poor law relief; and while always in favor of a living wage, he was throughout his life a strenuous advocate of poor law reform. It is not, however, either his opinions or his political services that gives his reminiscences their special value. Mr. Pell was a practical farmer and land owner. He knew intimately the rural life of the English Midlands during the greater part of the nineteenth century; and in his racy unaffected language he offers a series of pictures of English life in hall, farmhouse, and cottage, which are a real addition to the literature of social England. He describes the tasks of the laborers, the share taken in outdoor work by the women and children, the village church and its parson, and the quickened life of the church which followed the ritualistic movement. Incidentally he tells of the various currents of opinion that passed over England in his day. He notes the hostile feeling of the upper classes towards the North during the civil war—a feeling which he did not share, and which excited his surprise. He himself, entertained a hearty admiration for President Lincoln, an admiration which he expresses in a characteristic tribute:

I have often thought how effectively, if Moses had been out of the way, Lincoln could have taken his people through the long trail in the wilderness to the Promised Land. No other character in history, that I can recall, would have been equal to the business."

In his later years Mr. Pell made several visits to the United States, but except for an interview with General Sherman, he gives no account either of his doings here or of his impressions of this country.

Gaillard Hunt's "The Journal of the Debates in the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, May-September, 1787, as recorded by James Madison," in two volumes (Putnams), contains more than Madison's notes. He has drawn upon the memoranda of other members of the Convention, and on the correspondence of Madison during the Convention, and has added the personal characterizations of the members by Pierce. The text is certainly an improvement on earlier issues, and is more free from errors due to faulty reading of the manuscript. Yet the result does not give a definitive edition of the debates, and much remains yet to be done in the study of available material. Neither the Patterson nor the Hamilton notes are referred to, nor is the study of the Pinckney draft by Professor McLaughlin. The contemporary letters could have been increased in number, and critical notes on sources are needed to assist in determining the relative value of records. Capable as Madison was as a reporter, his rough notes are far from complete, and they require every test the contemporary records will afford. The discussions were carried into the State conventions, and not a little could be gained from that source, as well as the later writings of those who took part in them. The convenient form of this reprint is hardly sufficient to justify its existence, and there are not a few misprints which could have been avoided.

The H. R. Hunting Company of Springfield, Mass., has issued a second volume in its series of "Indian Captivities," begun with the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson. It contains "The Indian Captive, or a Narra-

tive of the Captivity and Sufferings of Zadock Steele, related by himself, to which is prefixed an account of the Burning of Royalton," a work first published in 1818. The events recorded took place in the years 1780-1782, and though not very important in themselves, furnished the occasion for a narrative full of incident and adventure. The burning of Royalton, Vermont, in 1780, was a brutal act of vandalism committed by the British and Indians, and deserves to stand beside the more famous burning of Deerfield. Zadock Steele was a Connecticut man, a recent emigrant to Vermont, and was carried off by the enemy to Montreal and there eventually lodged with others in a British prison pen. But fifteen pages of his story concern his experiences with the Indians, the remaining ninety dealing with his captivity on Prison Island in the St. Lawrence and his escape back to Vermont. If Steele wrote the narrative as it was printed, he possessed a remarkably vigorous style, showing little evidence of his want of education and many traces of his familiarity with the Bible and with contemporary poetry. The narrative well deserved reprinting, and our only regret is that so little pains was taken with the editing. The new matter—publisher's statement and introduction—should have preceded the facsimiled title page and the reprinted portions on pages v. and vii; some attempt should have been made to annotate the text at points where brief footnotes would have aided in clarifying the narrative; and, most important of all, a better map should have been provided. The rough draft at the end of the volume contains only the route of the captives northward and ignores entirely the return route of Steele and his companions from Prison Island to Bennington. The text makes it quite possible to follow this route with considerable accuracy, the only uncertainty of importance being the exact spot where the refugees first reached Lake Champlain after their struggles through the forest from Lake St. Francis. This point probably lay somewhere between the Little Chazy and Plattsburg, as Steele does not mention crossing either of the Chazy rivers. From the Saranac River to Pittsford Fort, the route is fairly clear in all essential particulars. An interesting evidence of local usage is the name "Gilliland's Creek," applied by Steele to the river that certainly as early as 1766 was known on official maps as the Boquet River, a name familiar to everybody in Essex County to-day.

"The Process of Government," by Arthur F. Bentley (The University of Chicago Press), is described by its author as "a study of social pressures." Stated in summary form, Mr. Bentley finds the true basis for an interpretation of society in the activities of multifarious social groups, whose characteristics should be analyzed and stated wholly apart from any theory of psychic causation. His method is critical rather than constructive, however, and he expressly disclaims any intention of elaborating a complete theory of politics or society. What he does, or at least vigorously tries to do, is to show the inadequacy and futility of theories which seek to explain social phenomena in terms of group "con-

sciousness," social "purpose" or "will," or other metaphysical categories, and to insist upon the need of a minute study of actual social processes before philosophizing about them. Can it be that sociology is at last to betake itself to the study of history? Mr. Bentley's volume is bulky and diffuse, and its style often flippant, but its acute and outspoken criticism—a criticism which, from the author's point of view, leaves few of his co-workers much ground to stand upon—should cause it to be welcomed by speculative sociologists as at least a rod of chastening.

The eight lectures that make up President Woodrow Wilson's "Constitutional Government in the United States" (Columbia University Press), are a suggestive, but not very profound, examination of certain aspects of the American system, viewed primarily as an attempt at self-government in a country of diverse local circumstance. President Wilson naturally finds our greatest and most permanent contribution to be the States, since in them we have at once the greatest variety of interests and the most striking success in political adaptation. In the Federal field, the President alone represents the whole people, while the House represents its population masses, and the Senate its local spirit and diversity. The author's defence of the personal and political attitude of the Senate, however, is singularly insufficient, while the implication that the House, in sacrificing discussion and leadership to efficient organization, has really become an efficient legislative body, will hardly bear the test of thorough examination. There are strong words on behalf of the courts, and a pretty obvious rapping of President Roosevelt for his treatment of them. As for the boss and the machine, no cleaner bill of health for their essential activities has lately come under our eye. It is certainly matter of regret that, with such keen insight and so much literary skill, the distinguished author should here have held his plough with so light a hand.

A child of many countries is Prof. A. C. Coolidge's series of lectures on the United States as a world power, first delivered in Paris and now offered to us in a German translation. The English original is not to appear for some months. Dr. Walter Lichtenstein, in charge of the European historical collections in the Harvard Library, has produced a very readable translation, the simplicity of which will be no defect in the eyes of non-German readers. The publishers of "Die Vereinigten Staaten als Weltmacht" are E. S. Mittler & Sohn, Berlin.

A. R. Gordon, in his "Early Tradition of Genesis" (imported by Scribner) aspires to no startling originality. He is content to walk mainly in trodden paths; but he has seen things for himself by the way. The historical questions in Genesis i.-x. are discussed—the analysis, age, and relation of the documents, sources of the traditions, the cosmogonies, myth, and legend, historical tradition of the Hebrews, social and religious instruction; and there are chapters on Israel's conception of God, the nature and destiny of man, revelation, and inspiration. Translations of the separated and reconstructed "documents," with critical and exegetical notes, are appended. These notes contain little that will be new

to scholars, but they will doubtless be serviceable to the students whom the author seems to have had primarily in mind. A second appendix gives for comparison translations of the Babylonian cosmologies, chiefly Englished from Jensen. It may be remarked that the "Babylonische Weltanschauung" has not darkened the author's heavens, but that in the interpretation of Semitic sacrifice he is too much under the spell of Robertson Smith's brilliant speculations. In details he is confident about some very doubtful things, *e. g.* *tehom* is "no doubt" a foreign word, derived from the Babylonian *Tiāmat*. Some proof of the possibility of this assumption (taking in, of course, the Arabic *Tihāmāh*) would be more profitable to the rest of us dull mortals than confessions of unshaken faith.

Every one knows that the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose, but there has been a notable need of a clear and painstaking monograph setting forth how the devil, saints, and ordinary people have in times past made use of the sacred writings of Jews and Christians. Such an essay is now supplied in Dr. George Holley Gilbert's "Interpretation of the Bible: A Short History" (The Macmillan Co.). In ten brief chapters the exegesis of the various ages is described, including the Jewish interpretation in the Talmud and Targums, Philo of Alexandria, the New Testament interpretation of the Old, Biblical Interpretation in the Middle Ages, and that of the reformers and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The final chapter is devoted to modern criticism, or, as Professor Gilbert entitles it, "The Scientific Era of Biblical Interpretation." The difficulty in producing such a manual is the over-abundance of material, but this treatise keeps the salient and noteworthy to the front, and allows one to follow interestingly a remarkable and instructive history.

In the series of works on Biblical and theological research issued in recent years by French scholars, under the general title, *Études bibliques* (Paris: Victor Lecoffre), the latest addition is a commentary on the twelve minor prophets, by A. van Hoonacker, professor in Louvain, entitled, "Les Douze petits prophètes." The volume contains a new translation, commentary, and critical discussions.

The Catholic publication house of Ferdinand Schöningh, in Paderborn, has begun a new series, *Studien zur Philosophie und Religion*, under the editorial management of Dr. R. Stölzle, of the theological faculty in Würzburg. The first number is "Martin Deutinger als Ethiker: Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der christlichen Ethik im 19 Jahrhundert," by Dr. Georg Sattel.

A modern religious encyclopædia will soon be published by J. C. B. Mohr of Tübingen, entitled "Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart: Handwörterbuch in gemeinverständlicher Darstellung," edited by F. M. Schiele, with the coöperation of Hermann Gunkel and Otto Scheel. The work is to appear in four or five volumes, of about one thousand pages each, and to be finished in 1911. The first *Heft* will be issued in September. Illustrations and charts will accompany the text.

In his new work on Acts, entitled "Die Apostelgeschichte," constituting Part iii. of his "Beiträge zur Einleitung in das Neue Testament" (Leipzig: Hinrichs),

Prof. Adolf Harnack of Berlin returns to his defence of the Lukan authorship and substantially historical character of the Acts. He undertakes a literary analysis of Acts, finding in the First Part evidences of three sources. A prompt reply to Harnack has been published by Prof. W. Bousset of Göttingen, in the *Theologische Rundschau*, No. 6.

"Der einzige Reine unter den Unreinen" is the title of the latest issue of the series known as *Für Gottes Wort und Luthers Lehr* (Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann). The author is Prof. K. F. Nösgen of the University of Rostock, a recognized conservative scholar. The purpose of the book is clearly indicated by the sub-title, "Eine Darlegung von der Sündlosigkeit Jesu Christi."

In Gustav Pfannmüller's "Jesus im Urteil der Jahrhunderte" (Leipzig: Teubner), the different conceptions of the personality of Jesus prevailing in theology, philosophy, literature, and art, from the earliest times to the present day, are fully described and critically discussed. Especially interesting and instructive is the retrospect of the conceptions of Jesus embodied not only in ethics and philosophy, but also in mediæval and modern poetry and in works of art, from the oldest pictures in the Roman catacombs to the latest delineations of scenes from the life of Christ by modern painters, such as Gebhardt, Klinger, and Fritz von Uhde.

As a sort of argument for the union of the four dozen Protestant churches of Germany Dr. F. M. Schiele of the University of Tübingen, has published, through J. C. B. Mohr of that city, a new work, chiefly historical, entitled, "Die kirchliche Einigung des evangelischen Deutschland im 19. Jahrhundert." The book furnishes clear insight into a difficult and involved problem.

A collection of sermons, from the point of view of advanced theology, "Von Gott und Gotteswort," by Pastor Julius Bode of Bremen, has just been published by Friedrich Schaumburg, Stade.

"Die alttestamentliche Religion im Rahmen der anderen altorientalischen," by Prof. Ernst Sellin of Vienna, is a summary of a non-technical character, by an archaeologist experienced in Oriental research, showing on the one hand the close connection between the Old Testament religious teachings and those of other ancient Oriental and not merely Semitic religions, and on the other hand, the marked differences.

In the series of scholarly histories known as *Allgemeine Staatengeschichten*, edited by Prof. K. Lamprecht, of Leipzig, and published by F. A. Perthes, Gotha, N. Jorga has just issued the first volume of a "Geschichte des osmanischen Reiches," covering the subject to the year 1451. Its character is well indicated by the sub-title, "Nach den Quellen dargestellt." The author, whose work on the history of the Rumanian people is well known, has a thorough command of the occidental, Byzantine, and Slavic sources in the original, but has had access to the Turkish authorities only through translations.

To Meyers Volksbücher, published in Leipzig and Vienna by the Bibliographisches Institut, and offering at a normal price the best of literature in fiction, science, history, biography, etc., has re-

cently been added the 1,500th volume. The latest issues contain works of Otilie Wildermuth, Fritz Reuter, Erich Schmidt, Alfred Kirchhoff, and Max Dietrich.

The "Genealogischer Hand- und Schulatlas" appears now in its third edition with a new title, new editor, and new material. It is now called "Genealogisches Handbuch der europäischen Staatengeschichte" (Stuttgart: Cotta); the deceased editor, Dr. Ottokar Lorenz, is succeeded by Dr. Ernst Devrient; and the new features include tables of various minor ruling families of Europe, past and present. The work contains in all eighty-two genealogical tables.

B. Kahle's "Henrik Ibsen, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson und ihre Zeitgenossen" (Leipzig: Teubner) gives an interesting account of the development and character of the two most distinguished Norwegian poets, and of the influence exerted by them upon the literature and culture of Scandinavia and other European countries, especially Germany. The author, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, presents the subject in an attractive and instructive form.

The Gutenberg-Gesellschaft, after a silence of three years, has issued a triple volume (V., VI., VII.) of its *Veröffentlichungen*, and annual reports for the two fiscal years, 1905-6 and 1906-7. The fifth report contains in abstract Dr. Gottfried Zedler's address at the annual meeting of 1906, dealing with Gutenberg's earliest type fonts; the sixth, in extenso, the address of Dr. Alfred Hagelstange at the meeting of 1907, on "Our Inheritance from Gutenberg, and the Duties of the Present Day towards Him." These duties, the author held to be a greater regard for printing as an art; and he pointed out the grievous sins committed by modern printers, especially of magazines and newspapers. The new volume of the *Veröffentlichungen* contains four papers: Dr. E. Schröder shows that the "Weltgericht" fragment, printed by Gutenberg, which was described in an earlier volume of the publications, is really part of the old German Book of the Sibylla; Dr. Zedler investigates the occurrence of the type of the forty-two-line Bible in Peter Schöffer's Missal of 1492; Dr. W. Velke discusses Peter Schöffer's advertisements; and Dr. Adolf Tronnier of the City Library of Mainz deals with the missals printed by Peter Schöffer and his son Johann. Dr. Tronnier throws some interesting side lights on the civilization of the Middle Ages. The typographical part of Dr. Tronnier's investigations have extended to a comparison of the several copies of each missal, so far as such copies were sent to Mainz for the purpose. In an appendix the author has brought together the results of his investigations in a formal bibliography.

The Mecklenburg Ministerium has made an appropriation for the establishment of a Low German collection, to be deposited in the University Library at Rostock. A fair collection is already on hand, and this is first of all to be satisfactorily catalogued.

William Lewis Montague, for many years instructor in Latin, and then professor of modern languages at Amherst College, until his resignation in 1895, died at his home on Monday. He was born in Belchertown, Mass., in 1831, and was graduated from Amherst in 1855. Besides his work as teacher

he served as librarian in Amherst College from 1864 to 1878, and registrar from 1880 to 1880. His publications include "History and Genealogy of the Montague Family in America" (with George W. Montague), "Modern Italian Readings," "Bornier's La Fille de Roland," "Half-Century Record of the Class of Fifty-five, Amherst College."

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, a novelist of some note and a general literary worker, has died at Beccles at the age of seventy-eight. Among her better-known books are "A House of Cards," "Falsely True," "Griffith's Double," and "A Stern Chase."

The death is announced of Charles J. Dunphie, a journalist who for more than fifty years was connected with the London *Morning Post*, more particularly with the departments of drama and art. His memory went back to the days of Dickens, Thackeray, and Disraeli. His volumes of essays, "Sweet Sleep," "The Chameleon," and "Many-Colored Essays," won him a considerable reputation.

Dr. Eberhard Schrader, the distinguished professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Berlin, has died at the age of seventy-two. He had earlier in life held chairs at Zurich, Giessen, and Jena, and was called to Berlin in 1875. Among his works are: "Studien zur Kritik und Erklärung der biblischen Urgeschichte," "Die assyrisch-babylonischen Keilinschriften," "Die Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament," "Höllenfahrt der Istar."

From Berlin comes the announcement of the death of Dr. Otto Pfeiderer, professor of systematic theology in the university of that city. He was born at Stetten bei Kannstatt, in 1839, and studied chiefly at Tübingen. Among his works are "Wesen der Religion," "Moral und Religion," "Paulinismus," "Fichte," "Geschichte der Religionsphilosophie von Spinoza bis zur Gegenwart," etc.

EDWARD VI. AS HERO.

King Edward VI.: An Appreciation, attempted by Sir Clements R. Markham; with sixteen portraits. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3 net.

Sir Clements R. Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, has been more successful as a supporter of Arctic exploration than as a discoverer of new lands in the field of history. For twenty years he has been endeavoring to convince the world that Richard III. was an upright, philanthropic, and merciful man, who sought only the good of his people; and during all these years Sir Clements has stood like Athanasius *contra mundum*, prepared to maintain his cause against all comers. The present work is but a mask to cover old and new prejudices. Behind the appreciation of Edward VI. lurks a host of partialities, bitter personal likes and dislikes, hates expressed with all the fervor of a man who is not open to conviction and who endeavors to convince others, not by proofs, but by the mere force of his utterances. Sir Clements never admits any ground for difference of opinion.

Briefly stated, his views are as follows: The children of Edward IV. were illegitimate, therefore Richard III. was no usurper, but rightful King. Henry VII., on the other hand, was not a legitimate sovereign, only an adventurer who maintained his position by murdering his rivals and neglecting his people in order to amass money. Henry VIII. was a monster. Protector Somerset was a man of fair abilities, naturally disposed to moderation, but vacillating and easily influenced by a wife who was a vindictive virago of strong will and violent passions. Warwick, whom historians have generally condemned, was a remarkable and very able man who always did what appeared best for his country, and was finally condemned to death by treacherous and dishonored politicians. His apologist has to admit, however, very reluctantly, that there were stains upon Warwick's character, and that he "abandoned all dignity when he begged for life" on the scaffold. Mary was an insatiable despot; Lady Jane Grey a paragon of virtue and a rightful Queen of England; Elizabeth a noble, saintly, and temperate woman. Some of these judgments, we suspect, are due to much the same peculiarity of temperament that led Froude to conceive Henry VIII. in terms of warm approbation; others seem to have come, by some process of inexorable logic, from Sir Clements's one supreme conviction, here thrice repeated, that "the Anglican Church is nearest, among all the modern forms of Christianity, to the divine original."

The appreciation of Edward VI. which Sir Clements has "attempted" to give is attractively worked out and contains much that deserves to be restated. But in this case, also, the picture is too highly colored, every line contributing to an excess of flattery, until the whole becomes unnatural. Although in sympathy with any attempt to create a real personality out of this pathetic historical figure, we decline to believe that a boy whose life was, much of it, sickly and whose years numbered but sixteen, could have been as abnormally precocious as Sir Clements makes him out to be. The Edward of this book was a statesman who understood the self-seeking, unprincipled character of the politicians about him; a princely boy "who had more sense in his little finger than both his uncles put together had in their whole bodies." He was a profound student with "a constitutional power of concentrating his thoughts on the work in hand and a constitutional habit of husbanding and dividing his time." He was a thinker who understood the political and economic difficulties that surrounded him, was familiar with the true principles of national defence, had studied with care the problem of the currency, was possessed of extensive geographical and topographical knowledge, and in

what he accomplished "fostered commerce, lent his own ship to encourage the Levant trade, dispatched the first Arctic expedition, and enriched his country by opening the first trade route to Russia." In other words, Edward laid the foundations of England's commercial greatness. Furthermore, he was learned in divinity, was an engaging diplomat, and "never was there a better or more genial Captain of Games." Sir Clements does not appear to be able to distinguish between the work of Edward and that of his advisors, and in no part of his book does he bring forward any evidence to show that the boy himself initiated any one of the numerous undertakings that were started in his name. The book contains many excellent portraits and much useful biographical and genealogical information, but its conclusions will hardly find acceptance at the hands of fair-minded historians.

CURRENT FICTION.

Together. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Professor Herrick has done nothing so good as this, nothing so full of energy and truth. His tendency to prolixity does not, however, decrease, or his tendency to scatter the interest by the multiplicity of minor actions. His theme is complex, and he evidently aims to give his treatment exhaustiveness. Any one of the half-dozen human pairs here presented would have sufficed the ordinary novel. But Mr. Herrick has wished to make a thorough study of marriage as it now exists in America, and each of his human pairs, whether united by marriage or not, offers its own peculiar testimony. His view of the usual American marriage is not rosy, and he does not hesitate to describe exactly what he sees. Only one of his couples have from the beginning the normal relation, are really married in the sacred and human sense of the word. Stephen and Alice Johnston are, it must be admitted, not persons about whom a novel would be written. They do not wander from each other, they do not lose their faith or follow false gods. They have many children, and are glad of them, though they are poor because they will not sell themselves. After a slow and silent man's long struggle towards a competency, Stephen refuses the chance which comes at last, because he will not be the tool of a corporation. He dies as the result of an act of unselfish courage, leaving the wife and children unprovided for. But the two have had their happy and successful life together.

Better material for fiction is furnished by the other pairs involved; their experiences, indeed, stated baldly, would sound like material for fiction of a

rather sensational sort. But Mr. Her-
rick has written with enthusiasm, and
"Together" is an absorbing story. For
many reasons (not all of them desira-
ble) it is likely to "make a sensation."
It is a great advance upon "The Winged
Victory." If it has not the absolute
character, the heroic saliency of great
fiction, it may be welcomed as a vivid
and sincere chronicle of contemporary
life.

Into the Primitive. By Robert Ames
Bennett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg &
Co.

One of the shipwrecked mariners of
this tale declares: "We've got old Bob-
bie Crusoe beat, hands down, on the
start-off, and he with his shipful of
stuff for handicap." All that the pres-
ence of the "bounder" and the cad can
do to spoil the ancient topic has been
done. And yet we are tempted to say
that the theme is shown to be unspoil-
able. For in spite of what the English
fraud and the American rough and the
pampered heiress have achieved in lan-
guage and in threat of worse, a satisfy-
ing remnant survives of cyclone, tropi-
cal reef and jungle, cocoanut palms,
jerked leopard meat, poisoned arrow
tips, and a real lion. Is there a heart
so withered that it does not leap up to
read of living in a hollow tree, of using
a burning glass for fire, of welding keys
into a knife blade, of making hyena
skins into garments, and of climbing
for the daily birds' eggs over a tree lad-
der? That the story is not hopelessly
damaged by the coarse characterization
is tribute to the immortal freshness of
the primitive, and, to be sure, to a great
and marvellous ingenuity in combining
possibilities of desert coast flora and
fauna.

Sir Richard Escombe: A Romance. By
Max Pemberton. New York: Harper
& Bros.

The situation in this story has the
double advantage of being highly dra-
matic and wholly unhackneyed. The
setting is the time of George the Second,
and of the notorious Society of St. Fran-
cis as founded at Medmenham Abbey.
The tale is of Kitty Dulcimore and Sir
Richard Escombe; the cause of the an-
guish, a certain rule of the infamous
club which "decreed that any brother
who draws sword upon another in the
name of woman shall by his own hand
pay the forfeit of his life before twen-
ty-four hours have passed." The author's
idea is that, though the club is "entitled
to perpetual obloquy," it has probably
been unduly credited with elaborate
blasphemies and that the members were
mere clever jesters. He declares that
"a close analysis of such records as ex-
ist—and they are few enough—these
and a just appreciation of the spirit of
the age" fail to establish proof that

there was "an open mockery of estab-
lished religious faith." Precisely how
he squares with this theory the scene
in the Abbey where the cowed revellers
in solemn procession sing an ode to
Bacchus set to a Gregorian tune, is not
explained. Considering, however, the
stench that might well have attended
such an unearthing of history, the au-
thor has kept his story relatively frag-
rant. Dealing with offences, he has
fairly avoided being offensive. There is
an ingenious story, there are court por-
traits, social caricatures, wild Irish ex-
travaganza, even idyllic patches.

The fact remains, however, that the
trail of an immense affectation is over it
all. To take us back to the day of Ger-
man Soldier George, the writer has used
a language that fairly wallows in arti-
ficiality. It is not the "foregads" we
complain of. They are desolating, but
they are local color. It is the forced and
clumsy indirection, the "as by lots" and
"if God wots," the "oh! be sure's" and
"we shall say's" in which in his own
character of narrator the author floun-
ders, with evident intention and relish.
The epithets of Meredith and the laby-
riths of Hewlett are for them alone.

Side-Stepping with Shorty. By Sewell
Ford. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

If it were not so much upon the Chim-
mie Fadden order as to have the ring of
an echo, this would doubtless be more
amusing, as, if it were not by the au-
thor of "Horses Nine," it would be less
disappointing.

And for a straight front Venus, she was
the real maraschino. Course, even if the
complexion was true, you wouldn't put her
down as one of this spring's hatch; but for
a broad, heavyweight girl, she was the
fancy goods. And when she cuts loose with
that eighteen-carat voice of hers . . .

There are something over three hundred
pages of this kind of dialect; and the
substance has that essential vulgarity
of which a sound realism, however un-
flinching, is never really in danger. But
Mr. Ford's benevolent and omnipotent
slugger is a fancy picture, not a por-
trait; and his absurd performances as
deus ex machina of lower Broadway
doubtless give the effect desired by their
contriver; the question is whether they
were worth his contriving, in view of
the better sort of thing of which he has
shown himself capable.

The Girl in Question. By L. C. Violet
Houk. New York: John Lane Co.

She is the American-descended queen
of a tropical realm, and she comes to
Washington "with a request to the Pres-
ident to recognize her sovereignty, and
a petition for money and help from
Congress to aid her in freeing and re-
constructing her country—which is only
an island—on a modern, civilized plan."
The islanders are enslaved by voodoo

superstition, and in her passionate pa-
triotism Donna Carima stands ready to
sacrifice her dearest feelings if she may
free her people. The reformed priest
who accompanies her to America still
lives in an atmosphere of magic, and
thus we are treated to the spectacle of
a general of the United States army
reading in a crystal dial the history of
the island and of the lady. This scene,
however, is scarcely less remarkable
than the rest of the book. Social and
political intrigues, long-lost relatives,
high officials in shady dealings, negro
politics in humble circles, masked balls,
with Congressional committees in at-
tendance, strive for combination in a
whole quite as amazing as the occult at-
mosphere in which the all-subduing girl-
queen moves. To a girl friend she says:
"Come, dear, dry the bright jewels that
burden your lashes"—and the response
is a smile, "creating a volcanic eruption
in dimple-land."

If this book were not actual, it might
fairly be called impossible. The central
idea of the woman and the voodoo has
its original side, indeed, suggesting the
thought that, out of the vast tangle a
real story might be extracted and recon-
structed. Imagination is not lacking;
even an occasional flash of wit lights
the lush jungle.

The Letters of Martin Luther. Selected
and translated by Margaret A. Currie.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.75
net.

An English translation of Luther's
letters is an especially welcome addi-
tion to our sources of information about
the great Reformer. It is, indeed, a
singular fact that no such venture should
hitherto have been made. Luther was
an admirable correspondent. His style,
always, even in Latin, singularly effec-
tive, is nowhere more vigorous than
when he lets himself go in intimate dis-
course with his friends or in stormy re-
proach to those who differed from him.
The material is abundant to embarrass-
ment; the great collections of De Wette,
1826, and of Enders, 1884-1903, leave lit-
tle to be desired as to completeness.
The real task is one of selection, and
here the difficulty is, as always, to find
a principle that will work to the satis-
faction of all readers. It is a pity that
we could not have a complete transla-
tion, but, pending this, we are glad to
have as judicious a selection as the
present one. The translator has been
guided in her choice by the references
in leading biographies of Luther; and,
in default of a really personal com-
mand of the whole material, a wiser
method could hardly have been em-
ployed.

Thus far in commendation of the plan,
of the work. As to the execution there
is not much to be said in praise. To
select certain letters for translation is

altogether permissible, but, having selected them, the translator is bound to give them to us as nearly in the form of the original as possible. He has no right to mangle them in pursuance of some notion of his own as to what the reader may wish to hear. Least of all has he the right to omit obscure or difficult passages. If he cannot understand them, he is at least bound to state his difficulty and let the reader make his own attempt. This dressing up—or undressing—of foreign material for English consumption is an inveterate habit in England, and it cannot be too strongly condemned. There is hardly a page of these translations where one can be sure of finding what Luther wrote. It is sometimes abbreviated, sometimes distorted, and sometimes even added to, at the discretion of the translator. Nor is it possible to discern any consistent principle, except that of condensation, by which such liberties are to be explained. For example, the very first letter is addressed to "Sancto et venerabili Christi Mariaeque Sacerdoti." The translator leaves out Mariae altogether, though it is certainly an interesting fact that Luther in 1507 does not hesitate to include the word in describing the title of a friend. In the same letter, "patrum meorum" is rendered "my father." In the following letter, Luther addresses the same correspondent as "Pater amande, magis quam venerande," showing the peculiarly tender relation in which he stood, but "honored father" is enough for this translator. "Salutem in Domino et paracito ejus" becomes "Salvation in the Lord." In the famous letter of 1521 to Albert of Mansfeld, describing Luther's experience at the Diet of Worms, "der Doctor, Canzler des Markgraufen zu Baden" becomes "the Elector of Baden"! Not infrequently these distortions of the original throw the translator off the track in her English, and she has obviously given her work very little revision. "So I beg your Grace to take care . . . but if you are not, then, etc."—this is in the splendid letter in which Luther defies the Archbishop of Mainz; and no better illustration can be found of the utter inadequacy of the translator than her attempts to give the spirit of this tremendous denunciation. The most striking passages are left out altogether, and the sledgehammer blows of what is retained are softened into the taps of a lady's finger.

Errors in spelling are numerous: Lübeck is Lubeck, Bucer is Bücer, Eoban Hesse is Coban Hesse. The use of "would" for "should" occurs with a frequency surprising in an English writer. In short, we have here an amiable attempt to do a really worthy piece of work with an altogether insufficient equipment. The translator's own statement that she has used "the simplest

English as more in accordance with the original and with Luther's ideas in general," cannot bar us from asking in what sense she would wish the word "simple" to be understood.

Abraham Lincoln. By Henry Bryan Binns. [The Temple Biographies.] Pp. xiii.+379. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Binns has stated pretty well in his preface the merit and the weakness of his book:

This is, as far as I am aware, the first serious attempt made by an Englishman to portray on any full canvas the greatest of the popular statesmen of the last century, the most notable figure among the leaders of the English-speaking democracy. I have not attempted to do more than to suggest, by way of background, the events among which he lived.

It is doubtful if, to any mind not already somewhat informed concerning American history, Mr. Binns's scant outline will even serve to suggest the vast background against which Lincoln's figure ought to be viewed. Of the environment of his earlier years more is given—and most sympathetically—than one might expect of an Englishman. Mr. Binns seems to have made a good effort to understand American frontier life seventy-five years ago. But the greater and more momentous the events about Lincoln become, the less we are told of them. Of the Civil War we do not get even an outline; and what little Mr. Binns tells about it leads one to suspect that he could not have told much more—for that little is not always correct. He makes Gen. Hooker, instead of Burnside, responsible for the Union disaster at Fredericksburg (p. 273), and makes amends by calling Chancellorsville a mere "repulse" and crediting Hooker with more than his share of the Union victory at Chattanooga. While we are of opinion that Nicolay and Hay erred in overweighting their life of Lincoln with a detailed history of the entire war, we think Mr. Binns has erred more egregiously in attempting a complete life with the war practically omitted. Else Lincoln himself missed the true quality of his own genius when he said: "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me." No other man ever owed his achievement so distinctly to the ability to make his words and deeds the right response to the everchanging demands of circumstance.

Mr. Binns's book must therefore take its place among the essays rather than the lives. As such, and as the work of an Englishman, it is not uninteresting, although we do not think that many educated Englishmen need to have the American Lincoln books interpreted to them. Indeed, Mr. Binns is not very

English. Now and then, as in the hyphenating of Congressman (Congressman), and in the unfortunate quotation of Edward Carpenter's reference to the turkey-buzzard as game (Mr. Binns himself has heard of the wild turkey, for he mentions it elsewhere) we find the kind of insularity which hardly any Briton but Mr. Bryce entirely escapes in writing of America. But there is no good reason why the book should not simply take its chances with all the other accounts of Lincoln written in the English tongue.

That is not too hard a fate; for, while there are a good many of the American Lincoln books which we prefer to this by Mr. Binns, we cannot yet say that there is any one of them which succeeds indisputably in the task he has set himself. He does not contrive to phrase convincingly his many attempts at a sympathetic interpretation of the most human of all great men. But the attempts are earnest; the sympathy is real; there is much comprehension. Yet the book fades quickly—as, indeed, they all do—and only Lincoln abides. It is, in fact, hard to judge any book about him, since anything really about him is readable. Did any man ever live who offered biographers such an opportunity? And shall we ever find a biographer with whom we shall be content?

The Story of the Guides. By Col. G. J. Younghusband, C.B. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.

Col. Younghusband does not attempt to give a connected history of the famous corps of native Indians, but he simply narrates some of the adventures in which they have showed an unsurpassed bravery and devotion to duty. The corps was organized in 1846 to furnish trustworthy men who could not only fight, but were specially adapted to act as guides to troops in the field and to collect information. The men were recruited mainly from the frontier tribes, and so popular was the service that at times the applicants for enrolment have been far more numerous than the vacancies. Princes and chiefs enlisted to learn the art of war. As the corps was to be for service and not for show, the time-honored scarlet of the British army was laid aside for the dust-colored uniform now known as khaki. The man who raised the corps and was its first commander was Sir Harry Lumsden, and among its officers was he "whose name still lives as the intrepid and dashing leader of Hodson's Horse." At present it numbers 1,400 men and 27 British officers.

Among its noteworthy exploits was the historic march to Delhi at the outbreak of the Mutiny. When the summons reached the corps, consisting of cavalry and infantry, it was in camp 580 miles distant. At six hours' notice it

started, and, though the season was summer, marched on an average over twenty-seven miles a day. As it drew near the city, a staff officer "gallops up, and, after giving friendly greeting with the general's compliments, asks, 'How soon will you be ready to go into action?' 'In half an hour,' is the gallant Daly's cheery reply." After a short rest, the trumpet sounded, and the battle began in which the Guides "showed great and glorious valor," but at grievous cost, for of the little band of British officers "in that one first fight, all were killed or wounded." In one of their latest campaigns, in 1897, the probably unique historic record was established of three officers in one regiment earning the Victoria Cross on the same day, while many of the men who had shown conspicuous gallantry were decorated with the Order of Merit. One of the illustrations shows thirty-four of the corps wearing the star "For valor," the highest distinction open to an Indian soldier for gallantry in action.

From this "story" one gains a new and higher appreciation of the Indian's character, not only as regards his bravery, but more especially his absolute devotion to duty. Here is an incident among many showing this quality, a quality which to those who are interested in the Indian and are watching his development is most encouraging. On one of their frontier expeditions a young Afridi near whose village the Guides were camped deserted, carrying two rifles with him. On learning of this, the commander, Col. Jenkins, asked, "How many men of that man's tribe are there in the regiment?" It was found that there were seventeen of them, all told. "Parade them all here," said the Colonel; and they were summoned and paraded in line. "Now take off every scrap of uniform or equipment that belongs to the Sirkar." Each man did as he was bid, and placed the little pile in front of him on the ground. "You can now go, and don't let me see your faces again till you bring back those two rifles." He hoped that they might overtake the deserter, overpower, and secure him before he had gone far.

But if so he was disappointed, for as day followed day, and week succeeded week, no news came of pursued or pursuers. The matter had been forgotten; the vacancies had long since been filled; indeed, two whole years had passed, when one day there walked into Mardan Cantonment a ragged, rough-bearded, hard-bitten gang of seventeen men, carrying two rifles. It was the lost legion! Of those two years' toil and struggle, wounds received and given, a stark unburied corpse here and there on the mountainside, days in ambush and bitter nights of silent anxious watch they spoke but little. But their faces beamed with honest pride as their spokesman simply said: "The Sahib told us never to show our faces again until we found the rifles, and here they are. Now, by your Honor's

kindness, we will again enlist and serve the Queen."

The illustrations are well chosen, and add much to the interest and attractiveness of the book, many of them showing the different types of men in the corps.

Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism. By Newman Smyth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 net.

Careful reading of Dr. Smyth's tractate confirms the first impressions of it as one of the most vigorous, conscientious, and truly catholic endeavors for Church unity that has been made in many a day. Seldom has the lofty ideal of one organic Church, one world-conquering force in behalf of righteousness and the life of the spirit, taken deeper possession of a noble mind. The inspiring vision has filled its advocate with an enthusiasm and eloquence which must move the dullest and most skeptical. One feels almost ashamed to remain an unbeliever, and yet, since the truth must be told, there can be little question that the outlook is not so bright in fact as it is on Dr. Smyth's pages. Enthusiasm consistently overlooks difficulties, sees victories where there is only the excitement of preparation for battle, and finds problems solved which are merely coming on the horizon. As an example of the ambition which leaps too quickly to a desired conclusion may be mentioned the thesis with which Dr. Smyth opens his essay, that Protestantism has accomplished its mission. He announces the dissolution of Protestantism, not because it has failed or is weak, but because it has done its work and achieved its victory:

Protestantism has its triumphal arch, and upon it are depicted the victories of hard-fought fields, and the procession of the mighty oppressors of the nations, led captive by it. But it is a completed arch. Its crowning achievement is the victory which it has won forever for the spiritual liberty of the individual man. Henceforth the right of private judgment for every man can never be abolished or destroyed.

This is glorious, if true; and if one could believe it, we should have little difficulty in following Dr. Smyth the remainder of his journey, up to the prospect of a unified Christendom just ahead of us. But in reality how far is the vision true? In how much of Protestantism even is the freedom of a Christian man thoroughly realized? Does not the principle of external authority, either of book or of organization, dominate still in the large circles of Protestant adherents? Was not Harnack telling us only a short time since that we had not yet mastered the lesson of Luther? Dr. Smyth would be the first to declare that if unity is to come, it must be with fullest recognition of individual liberty. One who knows the Protestant masses, clerical and lay, not

as they are in the more favored centres of New England, but by and large in America and in the state churches abroad, would be more inclined to herald the need of a new Protestantism within the free churches themselves, and to fear that if union were now to come, it would be on the Catholic basis, as that has existed historically, with some sort of fixed and legal authority to cramp men's minds and stifle their souls. While infallible Bibles and authoritative churches still bear their harmful sway, Protestantism cannot consent to pass away, but must seek strength still more vigorously to protest.

One would like to think also that Dr. Smyth in his fond optimism has not over-estimated the power and possibilities of the modern liberal agitation in the Catholic Church. As yet, however, it is but a comparatively recent stir, to which every generous mind must offer full encouragement, but in which one cannot yet discern the rallying-point of a world-movement. It remains to be seen what the iron heel may do. Strong men, and great numbers of them, have been crushed before now. Father Tyrrell, the Abbé Loisy, and Senator Fogazzaro have scarcely won the permanent success which entitles them to be hailed as heralds of the coming Catholicism.

Despite these doubts, however, Dr. Smyth's appeal to his brothers of all faiths is a notable attempt to face one of the most pressing questions of the time.

The Itinerary in England of John Leland, in or about the years 1535-1543. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Vol. I., parts i-iii.; Vol. II., parts iv., v. New York: The Macmillan Co.

John Leland, the antiquary, was a kind of sixteenth century Karl Baedeker, in that he loved rambling for its own sake, was careful to give accurate information of the regions through which he wandered, avoided elaborate and flowery descriptions of local legends and scenery, and within certain limits was systematic in making his survey complete. He travelled on horseback, and of course had no eye for the needs of tourists, a tribe of wanderers unknown in his day. But he noted the essential facts regarding the objects that interested him and produced the first guide book to the English counties. His immediate successors are Stow, Harrison, Holinshed, Camden, and other antiquaries, but his more remote descendants are Murray, Klein, Baedeker, and their hosts of followers. His "Itinerary" will always stand as a work indispensable to the student of English topography and life of the sixteenth century. Unlike the Elizabethan and Jacobean writers, Leland did not succeed in casting

his notes into a readable literary form, else his work might have become a classic in English prose. Its value is chiefly for the scholar and the local antiquarian, but to them it marks the awakening pride of Englishmen in their own country, the precursor of that national enthusiasm of the Elizabethan period which led men to extend their zeal for knowledge and adventure beyond the shores of Albion into the seas of an unknown world.

Starting from Cambridge, somewhere about the year 1538, Leland journeyed by a devious route northward to the River Tyne and back to London. During the six years that followed he went from London to Land's End and back by the coast to Winchester, from Oxford to Bristol and northward into Gloucester and southward into Dorset, through the old Mercian counties to Shrewsbury and Litchfield, and again northward by the west coast into Northumberland, and back by a new route to London. He entered nearly every county in England, passed through every large town and city, rode along the country ways by pasture, meadow, and fen, and penetrated forests, even to the heart of Sherwood. In the towns he made notes of the churches, schools, monastic foundations, and markets, observing tombs, brasses, inscriptions, and architectural peculiarities, and supplemented his own knowledge with information obtained from individuals, libraries, and private records. Outside the urban centres, he noted the nature of the country; recorded the existence of coal pits, quarries, mines, and salt works; and was at great pains to specify the bridges he crossed. The reader is impressed with the great extent of woodland and with the slight percentage of arable land that he speaks of as turned from open fields into enclosures. In all his wanderings he scarcely mentions a hedge, and his entries of enclosed fields and pastures concern less than a dozen counties, and those only occasionally. Essentially an antiquarian and not, like his contemporaries, More, Hales, and Latimer, a student of the social problems of his day, he was not interested primarily in social and economic questions. He does, however, record the meanness of the villages, the ruinous state of walls, castles, and manor houses, and the decay and poverty of many a town. He leaves one with the distinct feeling that the old mediæval economy was passing away and that the new Elizabethan prosperity had not yet come. There is need of more work based upon Leland, like that of Dr. Gilbert Slater, whose study of Leland's text has added a new chapter to the history of the enclosure movement. The material is not wanting, for Leland makes frequent entries of markets and fairs, and often speaks of the industry by which a town was supported. All these items are, however, more

or less incidental to his main theme, for his eye was open chiefly to topographical features, and his inquisitive mind led him to search out antiquarian and historical information rather than the causes of prosperity and decay.

Leland was a careful observer who generally got his facts correctly, though he made errors at times in judging distances. He had a critical sense, expressing occasional doubts as to the accuracy of the answers given him, and declaring certain stories to be nothing but fables. His work is often incomplete, blanks are left unfilled, and many of his notes were never worked up into narrative form. For this reason the "Itinerary" is often confusing and contains a number of repetitions.

Miss Toulmin Smith, the editor of the present version, has had before her an exceedingly difficult task in putting the material in order, and in endeavoring "to give as close a representation as possible of Leland's original where this is continuous, and where it is fragmentary to restore it as nearly as may be." The original manuscript is in bad condition, and has had to be pieced out from the transcripts by Stow and Burton and from the edition of Hearne. The editor thinks that "his malady [insanity] overtook him before he had finished his work," and that it is almost impossible to determine the order in which the material ought to be arranged. That she has succeeded in giving coherency to the whole is in itself enough to justify the publication of her edition. When we add further that she has taken infinite pains to identify all the place names, has drawn maps for the first time illustrating each journey, and has prepared excellent and exhaustive indexes to persons, places, and subjects in each volume, we can judge of the indebtedness of the scholarly world to her efforts. Her annotations, though brief, are always helpful, and her accuracy is above suspicion. On one or two points there is occasion for a legitimate difference of opinion, as, for example, whether Leland actually journeyed from Patrington to Ravenspur and thence to the River Tees, as Map i. conjectures; but whenever doubt arises, it will be found that there is always good argument on the other side. As far as can be judged from the two volumes before us, Miss Toulmin Smith has given us a definitive edition of this useful work.

The Truth About Port Arthur. By E. K. Nojine. Translated from the Russian by Capt. A. B. Lindsay, and edited by Major E. D. Swinton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5 net.

As a rule, distrust attaches to the book that professes to tell the whole truth about a controverted matter. When the book is from the beginning as frankly partisan as this indictment

against Gen. Stoessel, presented by a Russian journalist who was in Port Arthur before war broke out, and went through the entire siege, distrust strengthens into doubt. But this impression does not last, and M. Nojine's book has this important point in its favor, that its charges have been substantiated by a Russian court-martial. His argument is a simple one. In Port Arthur, almost from the outbreak of the war, Gen. Stoessel, who was commander of the military district of Kwan-tung, usurped the authority of Gen. Smirnov, who was commander of the fortress proper. The only justification for such a breach of military authority would have been success against the enemy; but Stoessel, our author maintains, only hastened the fall of the fortress by general incompetence, indifference, inactivity, and a disposition to look out primarily for his own interests. The court-martial of last February seemed to hold the same opinion when it sentenced Stoessel to death, though with a recommendation to the Emperor for mercy. Gen. Smirnov does not come off unscathed in our present account. Able, energetic, determined to fight to the end, and probably strong enough, if he had been left alone, to prolong the defence of the fortress for a few weeks or months, he is censured for acquiescing in Stoessel's seizure of power, and thus placing himself under a fatal disadvantage. Our author insists that Gen. Smirnov could easily have placed Stoessel under arrest and assumed entire charge of the defence—such was his own popularity and the general contempt for his opponent. But Smirnov was afraid to take the chance of precipitating civil strife in the face of the enemy, even when it became apparent that Stoessel's conduct was inspired by the very unmilitary consideration of his own personal safety. In Smirnov's conduct we find exemplified the soft streak in the Russian character which foreign critics have so often pointed out. Altruism is an amiable virtue; in the soldier it may even be magnificent; but it isn't war.

To the unprofessional reader the story of the defence of Port Arthur, as he has commonly read it, is no simple tale. There were so many ridges, redoubts, bastions, lunettes, and counterscarps, each having its Russian, its Chinese, and its Japanese name, and sometimes its English name and its number, that only devotion to the map will save one from utter confusion. M. Nojine's book is the first to marshal details into broad lines easily followed; and this without apparent effort at being vivid or picturesque. The straightforward, logical, absolutely lucid account has very few purple patches. When these come they have their correspondingly intense effect. There are only one or two pas-

sages like the following in a volume of nearly four hundred pages:

Rafalovitch appeared at the staff headquarters. He was dirty; his clothes were torn and covered with blood and spotted with whity-red bits of something. This handsome, healthy young fellow was quite unstrung by what he had been through. He was trembling as if in a fever; his eyes were bloodshot and wandering, and he could scarcely speak.

"What's happened? Your face is covered with blood. Are you wounded?"

"No, sir, I am—I am not wounded. It's not my blood; it's Capt. Veselevsky's brains," was the stammering reply.

"What! Veselevsky killed?"

"Yes, sir. His head was carried away—only not quite. The lower jaw and beard were left—and I was covered with his brains, right in my face."

Science.

Systematic Anatomy of the Dicotyledons.

By Hans Solereder; translated by L. A. Boodle and F. E. Fritch. Vol. I. New York: Henry Frowde. \$8.75 net.

Our flowering plants are divided, by a sharp plane of cleavage, into two great groups; depending on the number of seed-leaves, or cotyledons, in each seed. Taking species as they are commonly reckoned, and leaving out of account the myriads of newer species which have resulted from the splitting up of the older, we find on one side of this cutting plane about eighty thousand, and on the other not far from twenty thousand. It is with the eighty thousand species, which possess two cotyledons in each seed, that the present work has to deal, and in all it considers not far from two-thirds of them. By anatomy, as here used, is meant the minute structure as revealed under the compound microscope; and it is called systematic because it brings into view the classificatory relations of the different features thus shown.

The work is encyclopædic, gathering to itself every reference which was accessible to the author, and it thus possesses high bibliographical importance. It is, as the title declares, a handbook for laboratories of pure and applied botany. By pure botany, nowadays, one designates the study of relationships, in the broadest sense; its aim is to answer a very hard question: "How did our plants come to be what they are?" It is closely allied to another speculative study, œcology, which asks how our plants came to be where they are. The first of these questions is usually investigated in the light which is thrown upon the history of the plant by an examination of the gross anatomy of its organs, or members; but every serious student feels the necessity for an inspection of the minute structure of these members. Many investigators de-

serve credit for emphasizing this branch of study, but Radikofer first indicated sound methods for pursuing it systematically. Professor Solereder was trained in Radikofer's laboratory: it is, therefore, eminently proper that he should try to coördinate the vast amount of material which has been accumulating.

The task of arrangement was enormous, for it involved translating into a uniform terminology a host of descriptions written in the most diverse and even contradictory terms. Thanks to De Bary, much of this discordant terminology was long ago swept aside into the rubbish heap, and we now have a grammar of microscopic anatomy which serves most purposes. This consistent grammar, used throughout by Professor Solereder, enables the student to find his way through the different families with little embarrassment. But, unfortunately, although he has done his work admirably, and no fault is to be found with his methods of investigation or of presentation, disappointment follows disappointment. The reason is that, while the broad lines of separation are seldom obscured by anomalous forms, there are innumerable minor adaptations which make the study of the histological relationship of closely allied species an almost hopeless task. Two species very near of kin may be far apart in their minute structure, since they may have developed under wholly different conditions. In Solereder's work, which has been of great service in its German edition, the student of pure botany finds all needed material for his search for affinities. But, of course, the main office of a treatise like this is to supplement personal investigation and serve as a guide to the literature of the subject.

Considered from the side of applied botany, the work may be regarded as indispensable to the economic botanist and the pure-food expert. It is not designed to take the place of special works on microscopy, such as Møller's, but it fills an important place as a supplement. In the excellent volumes which have come from some of the pure-food authorities in our own country, one can find practically all needed information regarding specific matters, such as the structure of the coffee seed or the character of our spices, but the facts given by Solereder are of importance in completing these pictures. Perhaps the addition to this work of much that is to be found in Møller and others would have made it a handier book of reference, but as it stands it is very useful.

Dr. D. H. Scott, one of the most eminent students of the subject, has given this volume careful supervision. He has done much towards increasing interest in histological morphology, and he now places the botanical world under fresh

obligations by his labors on this book.

The most noteworthy article in the July number of the *Geographical Journal* is Prof. J. W. Gregory's résumé of the principal scientific results of the English, Scottish, German, and Swedish Antarctic expeditions of 1901-1904, so far as the published reports permit. The natural history collections are so great and the observations so numerous that it will take three or four years more to complete the reports, which will then form an Antarctic library of about thirty volumes.

Compared with poultry, which have been bred for more than 2,000 years, canaries, which have been caged for 250 years, are a recent addition to the list of creatures semidomesticated by man. Prof. C. B. Davenport has chosen canaries as links between domesticated and wild birds, and has summed up his investigations in publication No. 95 of the Carnegie Institution, "Inheritance in Canaries." He finds that the yellow canary is derived from the original "green" canary by the loss of the black pigment. The former, however, carries a mottling factor, so that when a yellow canary is crossed with a pigmented bird or with a finch the hybrids are mottled. The plumage of a yellow canary may be compared with a letter that has been written with invisible ink. Whenever the developer acts (i. e., when the black pigment of the green canary is added) that which is written appears with all its idiosyncrasies—striping on shoulders, black on the wings, and olive on the breast.

"Magic Squares and Cubes," by W. S. Andrews, with chapters by Paul Carus, L. S. Frierson, and C. A. Browne, jr., is issued by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Although magic squares have lost their influence as one of the arbiters of fate, still they have a peculiar fascination. And it is difficult, at times, for the soberest minded not to believe that some secret power rules our numbers, so unexpected and curious are the properties of their grouping. Nor is it only over the lover of the mysterious that these *lusus numerorum* exercise a hold, for probably as difficult and complicated squares as were ever made, are those of Benjamin Franklin, who was not given to wasting time. To those who are interested in the subject, Mr. Andrews's book will be very acceptable. The examples are numerous; the laws and rules, some of them original, for making squares are well worked out. The volume is attractive in appearance, and, what is of the greatest importance in such a work, the proof-reading has been careful.

In reply to the lectures delivered by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, in the Singakademie in Berlin, and published under the title "Kampf um den Entwicklungsgedanken," the Jesuit father, E. Wasmann, a Catholic specialist in biology, has delivered a series of discourses, also in Berlin, to which were added public discussions after each lecture. The full material of the lectures and discussions has now appeared in a volume, "Der Kampf um das Entwicklungsproblem in Berlin" (Freiburg-im-B.: Herder Verlagshandlung).

Three volumes of the "Dictionnaires techniques illustrés en six langues" (French, German, English, Russian, Italian,

Spanish), by K. Deinhardt and A. Schlo-mann, engineers, have now appeared. The first (6.50 francs) takes up the elements of machines and usual tools; the second (31 francs) is devoted to electrotechnics; the third, just out (19 francs), deals with steam boilers, engines, and turbines.

Adrien de Mortillet, continuing his father's work, publishes "La Classification paléolithique," a handy octavo album, with 12 plates and 116 figures. It forms a short, easily understood summary of the prehistoric races of man, with clear, exact designs of the chief types in each division. The 747 pages and 249 pictures of Joseph Déchelette's "Manuel d'archéologie préhistorique, celtique et gallo-romaine" are also exclusively prehistoric.

Sir Thomas Stevenson, M.D., senior scientific analyst to the Home Office, author and editor of various memoirs on forensic medicine, and past president of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, of the Society of Public Analysts and of the Institute of Chemistry, died July 28. He was born in Yorkshire in 1838, and was knighted in 1904.

Drama and Music.

Mathilde. By Adolphus Alfred Jack. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Mr. Jack, who has given an uninteresting and misleading title to this blank verse play, has already attracted favorable critical attention by a previous piece called "The Prince" and an essay on Shelley. "Mathilde" is a story of sixteenth-century Italy, and is written with notable literary ability, uncommon skill in the denotement and development of character, and a good sense of dramatic motive and theatrical situation, but is deficient in one of the most important requisites for successful stage representation, rapid and progressive action. The author evidently has been a close student of the Elizabethan dramatists, and his verse, while showing few traces of poetic inspiration, is of excellent quality, smooth, vigorous, imaginative, and, in places, eloquent. His vocabulary is full, dignified, and expressive, having its sources in the wells of English undefiled. Nearly all his sentences are pregnant, none frivolous. In literary style, indeed, his play is well worthy of the rank of poetic tragedy, but in its story—which is founded upon conventional ideas, though fairly original in its use of them—it scarcely rises above the level of melodrama. The chamberlain of the Court of Ferrara, a child of the people, is spurned by the princess, who is presumptive heiress of the reigning duke, a crazy old tyrant. Impelled by passion and ambition, he procures the poisoning of the Duke, and contrives that popular suspicion shall rest upon the princess. Thus he becomes regent, and, being in power, proclaims his conviction of the lady's innocence, and so works upon her gratitude that she will not even listen to the evidence

of his guilt offered by his discarded accomplice, but joyfully hails him as her preserver and willingly becomes his bride. After nine years of happy joint rule, knowing himself to be at the point of death, he remorsefully confesses to her the crimes by which he had won her, is forgiven, and dies, leaving the throne to her in trust for their infant son. The proud princess, the chancellor, the cardinal, the profligate gamester, and minor personages are all cleverly drawn and clearly differentiated, but are variations upon familiar models. But the central figure of the Machiavellian usurper, crafty, bold, sophistical, and remorseless in pursuing the ends of his ambition and passion, but just, capable, and beneficent in the exercise of secured power is a character study remarkable for its strength, consistency, and subtlety, which would furnish rare opportunities to an intellectual actor.

In its present shape the play is more suitable for the library than the stage, as its chief virtues are literary and analytical rather than dramatic. But with judicious rearrangement and condensation it might prove very valuable to such a player as H. B. Irving.

By arrangement with the English publishers, the H. M. Caldwell Co. will issue in September the "Century Shakespeare," complete in forty volumes. Dr. F. J. Furnivall contributes the introductions, and the life of Shakespeare is by Dr. Furnivall and John Munro.

By bringing together Johnson's "Proposals," of 1756, the celebrated "Preface" of 1765, and a selection of illustrative notes, Prof. Walter Raleigh has made a capital little book, which he calls "Johnson on Shakespeare" (Henry Frowde). And Professor Raleigh's own introduction is almost a model in its kind. With a few touches he shows how much of Johnson's character went into the editing and especially the promises to edit the plays. Only one may think that in defending to the letter Johnson's famous saying: "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," he has fallen into the fallacy of extremes. There may be virtues in the world of manufacture and finance, just as there are in that of literature, but it is also true that there is no direct relation between ability and pecuniary reward in letters, such as there is in commerce, and that consequently Johnson's hasty generalization cannot be supported by such a comparison. But that is a small point. The important matter is Professor Raleigh's comprehension and sturdy defence of Johnson against the slights and sneers of the ultra-romantics—which has authority as coming from one who is himself so excellent a Shakespearean scholar, and particular interest as the opinion of one who himself sometimes inclines to an ultra-romantic view of literature. "The head and front of Johnson's offending," says Professor Raleigh, "was that he wrote and spoke of Shakespeare as one man may fitly speak of another. He claimed for himself the citizenship of that republic in which Shakespeare is admittedly preëminent; and dared to enumerate Shakespeare's faults."

In "Das neue Shakespeare-Evangelium" (Hanover: Sponholtz), Peter Alvor endeavors to prove that all the tragedies were written by the Earl of Southampton, and all the comedies by the Earl of Rutland, but, in order to escape political persecution, these noblemen induced a mediocre actor, William Shakespeare, to assume the authorship, a responsibility for which he was well paid. This idea of two authors is ridiculed by Karl Bleibtreu in his pamphlet: "Die Lösung der Shakespeare-Frage" (Leipzig: Thomas), in which all the dramas, both tragedies and comedies, are ascribed to the Earl of Rutland. Bleibtreu sets forth the same view in a tragi-comedy: "Der wahre Shakespeare." In a volume entitled "Misachtete Shakespeare-Dramen" (Berlin: Elsner), Alfred Neubner not only asserts the genuineness of Shakespeare's dramas, but also ascribes to him twelve dramas not included in his published works, of which four are lost and eight still preserved, namely, "Loocrine," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Lord Cromwell," "London Prodigal," "King John" in two parts, "Merlin's Birth," and "Two Noble Kinsmen." We may add that one of the best of these productions is "A Yorkshire Tragedy," which, in the opinion of A. W. von Schlegel, was undoubtedly written by Shakespeare, and Lessing took the same view of a "London Prodigal." Quite commendable, from a biographical and analytical standpoint is Dr. Max J. Wolff's "Shakespeare der Dichter und sein Werk" (Munich: Beck), the second and concluding volume of which has just appeared. Marie Joachimi-Dege's "Deutsche Shakespeare-Probleme im 18. Jahrhundert und im Zeitalter der Romantik" (Leipzig: Haessel) shows the important influence exerted by the British poet on the development of German literature, especially during the period immediately before the rise of the romantic school.

The first volume of the collected plays—"Théâtre"—of Tristan Bernard has appeared in Paris. This writer is as nearly a humorist as a Frenchman can be, a good story-teller, and without too much literature. He has been manager of an aluminium factory, and was once ready for final admission to the grave Paris bar, having all his university degrees and having served the required "stage," but he broke away in 1894 and took charge of the Parisian Velodrome Buffalo (reminiscent of Col. Cody), and since then has been writing books and plays endlessly. He is more like Dickens than Mark Twain—and very good French.

The New Theatre in this city, which is to be devoted to the higher forms of drama, is to have an executive staff, consisting of Winthrop Ames, director; Lee Shubert, business manager; and John Corbin, literary manager. Mr. Ames, the director, is a native of Boston, and was graduated from Harvard in 1895, where he spent a post-graduate year specializing in dramatic literature. For four years, in partnership with Lorin F. Deland, he successfully conducted the Castle Square Theatre in Boston. Mr. Shubert is a well-known theatrical manager; and Mr. Corbin, who is also a Harvard graduate, has been a dramatic critic. The announcement is made that though the New Theatre will attempt the best works of modern English and Continental dramatists, the primary object will

be to foster American playwriting. Each season the management will produce as many good American plays as can be obtained. The theatre will have several plays in production at the same time, and they will be offered in alternation, for long or short periods, according to the popular demand. By this system the theatre will be able to present from ten to fifteen plays each season without cutting short the runs of those that prove to be notable successes. One evening a week, and perhaps one matinée, will be devoted to performances of the higher class of light opera. These operas will be performed by the singers and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but will be productions unsuited to the larger auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House. The financial plan adopted by the founders is as follows: A low annual rental is set on the land and the building, and the theatre will be required to earn this in addition to its running expenses. It will, however, pay no profit, and if funds accrue they are to be used for the further development of the enterprise. By this plan the founders hope to shield the theatre from any temptation to sacrifice quality to financial profit, and, at the same time, to insure it against ignoring public opinion, and falling into the apathy which is the danger of subsidized theatres abroad. It is expected that the building will be finished a year from this autumn.

In a conference between Charles L. Hutchinson, president of the board of directors of the Chicago Art Institute, and Donald Robertson, director of the Robertson Company of Players, an arrangement has been made for a theatrical season of thirty weeks in Fullerton Hall, in the Institute building. Beginning in September, performances will be given on Tuesday night of each week, of plays by German, Spanish, Scandinavian, French, Italian, and American playwrights. The directors and members of the Art Institute have arranged to pay the expenses of the experiment, and no admission fee will be charged. Attendance will be limited to the members.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, are to act apart for a time. The new comedy of H. H. Davies has a character said to be exactly suitable to Miss Moore, but none that appeals to the fancy of Sir Charles. Therefore, the lady will play in the Criterion Theatre, London, while Sir Charles will be seen in the New Theatre. He has just bought a new play from Walter Ellis, which is called "The Duke and the Demigod."

The new version of "The Duke's Motto," which has been made by Justin Huntly McCarthy, will be produced in the London Lyric Theatre in the autumn by Lewis Waller. The original piece, taken from "Le Bossu," was a wonderfully effective romantic melodrama, and the performance of Lagardère by Charles Fechter, when in his prime, was nothing short of a masterpiece. It was the theatrical sensation of more than one season in London. Mr. McCarthy is said to have simplified the action. If Mr. Waller can reproduce one-half of the effect created by Fechter he may be sure of a brilliant success. Later Mr. Waller will produce the first part of "King Henry IV." and "King Henry V."

A committee, composed of Alfredo Fras-

sati of Turin, Benedetto Croce of Naples, Marco Praga of Milan, Domenico Oliva of Rome, and three other prominent dramatic and literary critics, have awarded the Giacomosa prize of 4,000 lire to the "Vlandante," by Tomaso Monicelli of Mantua, a young writer, twenty-four years old. This prize was offered for the "best dramatic work written during the past year by an author at the beginning of his career, and played with marked success in Turin and at least one other large city of Italy." The "Vlandante" has met with general praise from Italian critics and has been translated into French.

Some valuable manuscripts have been presented to the Royal Library in Berlin by Ernst von Mendelssohn-Bartholdi, the composer's nephew, who inherited them from his father. Among them are the complete score of Mozart's opera "Die Entführung," of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and of Beethoven's third, fifth, and seventh symphonies.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, who has been among the most successful concert-givers in European cities for five years, is to make his first American appearance at Carnegie Hall in this city on December 19, with the Russian Symphony Orchestra as a background.

Art.

THE LONDON SALON.

LONDON, July 13.

At this season of the year in London most people would say that the crying need was to diminish, not to increase, the number of art exhibitions. But the large majority of artists, who are without a chance at the Royal Academy and other established institutions, are evidently of another way of thinking; and, on July 11, the first London Salon was opened by the Allied Artists' Association at the Albert Hall, Kensington. The object of the society is, first and foremost, to allow artists "to submit their work freely and without restriction to the judgment of the public." Members pay one guinea, and, in return, can show five works without any question of merit or of selection by a jury. In theory, of course, nothing could be more liberal and just. But the practical result is unhappy. A jury may be stupid, incompetent, corrupt, but, at its worst, it would not countenance the license, not only possible but inevitable, when no other qualification is demanded from an exhibitor save the ability to pay five dollars.

Perhaps the wonder now should be that not more than eight hundred subscribers have been found, and that the number of exhibits does not rise above four thousand. It stands to reason that such a collection must degenerate into a hopeless hodge-podge—an array of good, bad, and indifferent. The Salon des Indépendants and the Salon d'Ar-

tomne in Paris, are, it is said, taken as models, but few would deny that both these exhibitions are superfluous, and that the clear duty of the art reformer is to restrict the limits of the two summer salons, not to enlarge them.

Worse than this, the Allied Artists have made the mistake of introducing themselves under the most unfavorable circumstances. The Albert Hall is no place for an exhibition. The sculpture and black-and-white fill the arena, surrounded by rows of faded, unsightly stalls, above which and just below the boxes pictures hang in a melancholy line—a more brutal test than would have to be faced at the much-abused Academy, or the overcrowded Salon. The rest of the pictures hang upstairs in the circular gallery under the roof, while the water-colors are packed together on screens, tier above tier, close together, in the orchestra. The public, satiated with the annual Academic debauch, will not have the energy, or the patience, to make its way through the maze; the most conscientious critic would be exhausted before the task had fairly begun.

Good work is to be found, of course; it would be tragic if there was none among four thousand pictures and prints, drawings, and sculptures. But as much of it as I discovered, with the best will in the world, came from men who have no complaint to make of the opportunity offered to them elsewhere—artists like Mancini, Mark Fisher, Morrice, Lavery, Wilson Steer, Theodore Roussel, George Thomson; or else from younger men whose names are already beginning to be heard of in Piccadilly and Bond Street—Albert Maurer, whom the International has long since made known to London; J. D. Fergusson, Gerald Kelly, Gerard Chowne. But there are really too many to mention, and they themselves probably already realize that their work shows to better advantage at the International or the New English Art Club, or any one of the numerous little Bond Street galleries. It was a daring experiment to make, and experiment is better than stagnation.

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But it was a mistaken experiment.
N. N.

The G. C. Hesselgren Publishing Company is bringing out what promises to be an important architectural book, called "Apartment Houses of the Metropolis." The work will contain the elevations and floor plans of the most important buildings of this kind in New York.

Paul Kristeller will publish through Bruno Cassirer of Berlin a collection, "Zeichnungen alter und neuer Meister," which is to reproduce from public and private collections in Europe, as far as possible in colors, the characteristic works of the greatest artists. Even the size of the originals is to be retained if possible. Monthly sections of ten sheets each, costing 4.50 marks, will be issued, twelve of them to constitute a volume, with explanatory notes and index.

The picture gallery of the Vatican has been enlarged to four hundred numbers, by incorporating the pictures from the library and the Lateran museum. This has involved a complete rearrangement. One side of the Belvidere has been devoted to this purpose and the pictures are grouped in seven galleries historically by schools. Through this consolidation of the Papal collections, the gallery gains notably in examples of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The architectural and decorative features are highly praised by the few who have enjoyed an advance view. The public opening, which will be solemnly celebrated, will take place in October or November next.

A loan exhibition of Italian portraits will be held at Florence in connection with the national celebration of Italian freedom in 1911. The best examples of all periods, it is expected, will be gathered from private and public collections throughout Italy, but special attention will be paid to the work of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, when portraiture was notably vigorous.

The following pictures were sold at Christie's July 10: Sir E. Burne-Jones, The Tree of Forgiveness, £609; Sir Luke Fildes, Devotion, £220; Corot, Woody River Scene, with two figures decorating a statue, £399; N. Diaz, Glade in a Forest, with a fagot-gatherer, £325; Ch. Jacque, Landscape, with a flock of sheep, peasant-woman, and dog, £1,102. July 14 the same firm sold these engravings of the early English school: After Romney, Mrs. Musters, by J. Walker, £325; after Hoppner, Lady Anne Lambton and Family, by J. Young, £204; after W. Hamilton, The Months, by Bartolozzi and Gardiner (the set of twelve), £204.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allaben, Frank. John Watts de Peyster. Frank Allaben Genealogical Company. 2 vols. \$2.50 net.
Annual Report of the Central Sanitary Bureau of the Department for Home Affairs of the Japanese Government. Tokio. Armitage, Ven. W. J. The Church Year. Henry Frowde.
Bradford, Benchara. A Study of Mathematical Education. Henry Frowde. \$1.10.
Burns, Judson D. What is Man? Cochrane Pub. Co.
Call, William Timothy. The Literature of Checkers. Hawthorne, N. J.; C. M. Potterdon. \$1.
Collis P. Huntington Fund for Cancer Research. Vol. II. New York city.
Cuentos Modernos. Edited by Albert B. Johnson. American Book Co. 60 cts.
Elliott, G. F. Scott. Chile. Scribners.
Everyman: A Morality Play. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.
Fisher, Sydney George. The Struggle for American Independence. 2 Vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Fleishman, Arthur Cary. The Educational Process. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Forman, Emily Shaw. Guess Work: 101 Charades. Boston: Badger.
Gardner, Percy. The Gold Coinage of Asia before Alexander the Great. Henry Frowde.
Gill, George Creswell. Beyond the Blue-Grass. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.
Green, J. Reynolds. Lord Kelvin. Dutton. \$1 net.

Hilton, Harold. Introduction to the Theory of Groups of Finite Order. Henry Frowde.
Imperial Gazetteer of India. Vols. V. to XIII. Henry Frowde.
Irving, John. Stories from the History of Oxfordshire. Henry Frowde.
Lamb, Charles. Essays selected by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Henry Frowde.
Le Gallienne, Richard. Omar Repentant. Mitchell Kennerley.
McKenzie, F. A. The Tragedy of Korea. Dutton. \$2 net.
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Its History. Published by the company.
Matthews, Albert. Uncle Sam. Worcester, Mass.: Davis Press.
Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Vol. VIII. Reserve—Ribaldously. Henry Frowde.
Packard, Charlotte Mellen. From the Foothills of Song. Boston: Badger.
Poulton, Edward Bagnall. Essays on Evolution, 1889-1907. Henry Frowde. \$4.
Quinet, Edgar. France et Allemagne. Henry Frowde.
Rees, Arthur Dougherty. William Tell. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Rumball, Edwin. Jesus and Modern Religion. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Scheffauer, Herman. Looms of Life. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.25.
Schmucker, Samuel Christian. The Study of Nature. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Smith, J. C. A Book of Verse for Boys and Girls. Parts I. and II. Henry Frowde.
Smith, J. C. A Book of Verses for Boys and Girls. Pt. III. Henry Frowde.
Spencer, Henry Percival. The Lillies. Boston: Badger.
State Commission in Lunacy. Nineteenth Annual Report. Albany.
Stilgebauer, Edward. Das Liebesnest. Berlin.
Traherne, Thomas. Centuries of Meditations. Edited by Bertram Dobell. London: Published by the editor.
Wales, Hubert. The Old Allegiance. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.
Wall, Mary Virginia. The Daughter of Virginia Dare. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.
Walpole, Sir Spencer. Essays Political and Biographical. Dutton. \$3 net.
Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, Ulrich von. Greek Historical Writing and Apollo. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Henry Frowde.
Wright, H. Nelson. Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta. Vol. III. Henry Frowde.
Wright, Walter P. The Perfect Garden. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

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